JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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Vol. VII. No. 162. Saturday, July 10th, 1909. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Liberal party, as a body, will not thank Captain Cecil Norton for the hint that the King may be brought into the Budget controversy with the Lords. It is true that if the Upper House were simply to amend the Finance Bill by deleting the Land Clauses, the old constitutional point might arise as to its power to amend Money Bills. We are far from thinking that such a power does not exist, but the point will not arise. The Lords will be too wary to reject just that part of the Budget which may be held to most directly affect their own pockets. They will reject the Bill *in toto*.

We read of two funeral services over one body, both the Anglican and the Roman Churches claiming that a dead fisherman belonged to them respectively. We suggest that in future, when such a case arises, all risk of disorder at the graveside would be avoided if the corpse were cut in two, a half being given to each Church.

We often get "called over the coals" for views expressed in our columns by various writers, it being forgotten that we accept no editorial responsibility for the contents of signed articles. In the cases of our regular contributors, however, we suppose that in a journalistic sense we stand towards them *in loco parentis*. Consequently, we accept, with dire contrition, the castigation of these domestic servants who have taken offence at Mr. Crow's reflections upon their class. But they forget one thing—Mr. Crow is our Licensed Crank. We also take to heart the rebukes which have showered in upon us for allowing Mr. Theodore Dahle to express a qualified approval of the prosecution of Mr. Boulter for the crime of "blasphemy." We have looked at the article again, and are satisfied that Mr. Dahle's only point was that the Deity should not be deprived of the right possessed by the meanest citizen of the realm—protection against Libel. Of course, it was very presumptuous of Mr. Dahle to set himself up as counsel for the Plaintiff—but since the Imperial Press Conference, these journalists do give themselves such airs.

What is the meaning of all these inspired paragraphs in the papers as to the future of Lord Kitchener, now that his second term in India is about to expire? Evidently, the War Office does not want him there. Surely Mr. Haldane is not afraid of him?

"Four Ale" is in future to cost fivepence. No Government can survive that.

Our Unclaimed Bank Balances and Securities Bill is evidently forcing itself upon the favourable consideration of the Government, amongst those who voted for its First Reading being Mr. Haldane, Mr. Burns, Colonel Seely, Mr. Sydney Buxton, Captain Norton, Sir J. A. Dewar and Sir Samuel Evans—whilst not a single Minister voted against it. Nor, for that matter, did any Member of the Front Opposition Bench.

How little the subject is really understood is well illustrated by the following incident: A well-known member of the House, popular with all parties, and Chairman of one of the Committees, came to us the day after the division and expressed regret at having voted against the Bill. "I didn't take it very seriously," said he, "but last night I happened to be dining with a lady, who told me how she had recently discovered, quite by accident, that a sum of £11,000 was lying in a bank to her credit, or, at any rate, to which she was entitled. I shall certainly vote for the Second Reading."

And here is another little incident. One of the "backers" of the Bill, Mr. A. E. Dunn, arriving at the House just as the division was in progress, got into the wrong lobby, and so voted against his own Bill! By the way, everybody in the House is glad that Mr. Dunn has decided, after all, to stand again at the General Election. He is one of the few independent characters on the Government benches. He is also one of the best speakers in the House.

By the way, whilst acknowledging the extremely fair report of the discussion given by the *Daily News*, and the sympathetic reference to it by our contemporary's Parliamentary sketch writer, we should like to know upon what data our journalistic colleague bases his opinion that Mr. Lloyd George's estimate of £600,000 is nearer the total of the unclaimed balances and securities than our own figure of many millions. Does he forget that Mr. Lloyd George himself admits that no enquiry has been made in recent years; and that such enquiry as was made was confined to the Bank of England? Does he know what have been the amounts recovered in Canada, in Australia, in the United States? Does he know that many of the palatial Bank buildings in London were paid for out of unclaimed balances?

However, we have great hope of securing the appointment of a Select Committee to enquire into the whole subject—in which case we venture to predict that even the *Daily News* will ultimately be forced to admit that the member for South Hackney may have been of some service to the country.

"An Old Windsor Resident" writes us:—

> Since I wrote to you about those poor old men, the Military Knights, I find that *Compulsory* Church is still in force, and that the new Minor Canon is an E.C.U. The doctrines preached and the services in general are not suited to *old* Protestants, "old" both in age and teaching, who go to church to worship and not for a musical entertainment, and to hear the Bible pulled to pieces. I should like to see them righted, as I consider that it is a "breach of faith" on the part of Esher and Courtney to drive men to church who joined under the "voluntary" Warrant of Queen Victoria. Esher and Courtney are a pair, and use the King's name very much as Prince Eulenburg used the German Emperor's—so it is useless for any friend of the Knights to appeal to them. What is required is to get a strong M.P., who knows the forms of the House, to get an explicit answer to this "breach of faith."

Well, that should be easy. We must move for copies of the Statutes of the Knights, and of Queen Victoria's Warrant of 1870; and then we shall know better where we are. We certainly do not like the idea of these veterans being forced against their will to parade in a church with the tenets of which they may not agree.

What do our readers think of the Rev. W. Henry Answorth, of Southampton? This man of God is smothering the town with posters announcing that he will preach and sing at the Church of Christ, with "Miss Rose Foster, the popular armless and legless evangelist—the only armless and legless evangelist in the world." Mr. Answorth, we understand, is described as a "Philadelphian Divine"—so there is no doubt as to what he is after. But we are perplexed as to what can be the evangel of the armless and legless monstrosity, who is exploited in the name of an all-good Creator. Lest it has escaped the notice of the Southampton police, may we remind them that a Mr. Harry Boulter is now serving a term of imprisonment for blasphemy? If that sentence was just, then W. Henry Answorth should be hanged, drawn and quartered. Or would it be better to apply a little Lynch law, and convert him into an "armless and legless evangelist"?

An exceedingly good idea has come out of the head of a speaker at the recent Peace Congress. Apropos the ridiculous and bedraggled battalions of boy scouts now so frequently seen perambulating the streets under the generalship of a schoolmaster, armed with a walking-stick, he suggested that the House of Lords should pass a bill for the perpetual confinement of Earl Roberts. There is a difficulty, however. Bobs can't be shut up.

"Lord Granard, the handsome young Master of the Horse," we read in one of the Carmelite morning papers, "answered for the Navy" when Lord Ellenborough raised the question as to whether our fleet could be taken by surprise during the Thames pageant. Far be it from us to interfere with any arrangements the Government may choose to make in the House of Lords; but where was the Chief Page of the Back Stairs that the Earl of Granard should do this thing?

The Lord Advocate does not question our suggestion that in the Scottish Courts there are several liquidations of Joint Stock Companies still open which have been in progress for upwards of thirty years, and in regard to some of which the creditors were paid in full twenty years ago; nor does he deny that in one case it has taken sixteen years to liquidate a company which had not been in existence sixteen months. He is, however, powerless to suggest any remedy for this scandalous state of things. Oh for that Business Government!

Some of the art critics have been much troubled by the rumour that Lord Lansdowne has decided to sell his Rembrandt picture of "The Mill," now at Bowood, for £100,000. Lord Lansdowne denies the shocking allegation, whereupon he is assured by the expert of the *Daily News* that in the event of his lordship wishing to sell, "so long as there is not a dealer's profit on the price, arrangements might be made for securing the masterpiece for the collection in Trafalgar Square." Nothing is improbable that is not impossible; but having given £10,000 towards the Duke of Norfolk's "Duchess," it seems to us doubtful whether the British taxpayer can afford to spend any more money on paint—unless, of course, it be for the ships. What says Sir Percy Scott?

We wonder how Mr. Gladstone is getting on with that enquiry into the working of the public-house clause of the Children Act. Every day brings us fresh evidence of its mischief; and here is a letter from a medical man practising in a poor district:—

> "NO CHILD UNDER THE AGE OF FOURTEEN ALLOWED IN THIS BAR."
>
> Living and working as I do in the midst of a low-class working district, I have had opportunities of seeing the actual working of the above clause. It was framed, I suppose, with the idea of benefiting the children. As a matter of fact, it is causing untold misery, numberless accidents, and a still greater number of cases of illnesses, such as pneumonia and bronchitis, are the actual result of this law. Every evening I see small children, and big children, left in flocks outside the doors of public-houses, irrespective of weather. They sit on the doorsteps, they loll on the kerbs, they play in the roads, the meantime their mothers foregather and drink their beer or their gin, and then, with their pockets empty and their brains muddled, they proceed to sort their miserable progeny, and with scoldings and blows stagger home and let the children drop into their beds as best they can, wet through, hungry, and miserable. The children are infinitely worse off than they were. They are, as a rule, too young to take drink, and the language, &c., of the public-house rarely differs to any extent from the conversation of the home circle. What are they gaining? Certain it is to me, as a medical man working in a slum practice, that the death-rate of children under fourteen will considerably increase as the result of this enactment.

And it is for piloting this sort of Act through the House that Mr. Herbert Samuel has been promoted!

An inquest has been held at Oxford on the body of George Oliver Miller, a compositor at the famous Oxford University Press, described in evidence as "the finest compositor who ever put a hand to stick." The report does not say whether that was the tribute of his friends, or of his employers. Apparently it was the opinion of his friends—though he may have been an excellent compositor for all that—because it is added that "he was worried at not being able to earn enough money to meet his needs." We are much struck with this explanation of his suicide. No information is given as to what he earned at the University Press, but a correspondent tells us that "there are men working there who are earning no more than errand-boy's money—some 10s. or 12s. a week." "It may sound incredible," he concludes, "but I assure you it is a fact." We cannot vouch for the fact; but we do know that the Oxford University Press is the place where the Bible is printed.

On behalf of "a large number of subscribers," Lord Darnley has presented the Bishop of Rochester with a motor-car. His lordship will now be able to take a part in the Forward Movement. It is not, however, anticipated that he will exceed the speed limit.

The King, who attended the Royal Agricultural Show at Gloucester, will be interested in a decoration which he didn't see among the many which lined his route. One of the shop-managers of the local Co-op., apparently remembering that he had a bit on Minoru, and rejoicing thereat, decorated his window with the Royal racing colours, and placed in the midst of them a model jockey. In due course, the General Committee noted the same, and at a meeting a day or two after the decoration appeared instructed the general manager to remove the model of the jockey, "as it might lead people to bet"! Was Sir Edmund Hope Verney on the Committee?

By 107 votes to 99, a gentleman named Mr. Croesgochiad Griffiths in the chair, the annual meeting of the Glamorgan Welsh Baptists, holden at Clifyndd, have decided that none of the churches in connection with the association shall permit membership to persons of either sex holding a licence to sell intoxicating liquor, or who receive benefit apart from wages in connection with the liquor traffic. Not that it matters a great deal. It is difficult to believe that any self-respecting brewer, distiller, or publican would belong to such a pharisaical body—to say nothing of contributing to the collection.

It was an Early Victorian superstition that bad boys always came to a bad end. Disobedience or untruthfulness never failed to lead to the gallows. And this was the kind of doggerel our grandparents were made to learn:—

"In his task and his book, his best pleasures he took,
And as he thus wisely began
Since he's been a man grown, he has constantly shown,
That a good boy will make a good man."

While there was a child who

"minded not his friends' advice
But followed his own wishes;
And one most cruel trick of his
Was that of catching fishes."

Naturally retribution overcame him. A large meat-hook "did catch him by the chin."

"Poor Harry kicked, and called aloud.
And screamed, and cried, and roared,
While from his wound the crimson gore
In dreadful torrents poured."

During his convalescence he had time for repentance.

"'And oh!' said he, 'poor little fish
What tortures they have borne:
While I, well pleased, have stood to see
Their tender bodies torn!
Though fishermen must earn their bread,
And butchers too must slay,
That can be no excuse for me
Who do the same in play.'"

Nowadays, however, it is deliberately asserted that all great people were bad children. The *Daily Mirror* even gives chapter and verse. We have Mrs. Winter, kindly described as "the famous authoress," writing, "I was an impossible girl. I loathed lessons of all kinds." A. Applin, "the well-known author," confesses, "I was lazy, untidy, stupid, unreliable." One G. B. Shaw says, "I was an idle and worthless boy." Mr. Matheson Lang, "the well-known actor," says, "I was a very bad boy." While Mr. Martin Harvey, another "popular actor," was, by his own showing, "a thief, a liar and a dunce." Considering how triumphantly successful all these personages have been, what need we further witness?

A Chinaman, suspected of murder in America, has been forced to make some sort of confession by the simple method of keeping him awake until he satisfied the police. We wonder the Yankees do not adopt the Servian plan, which is to beat a prisoner with sand-bags and squirt paprika-juice into his eyes. If torture is legalised, why stick at trifles?

An extraordinary case is reported from Tunbridge Wells. A woman, named Edith Palmer, was out with her father, brother, and fiancé until eleven o'clock on a recent Saturday evening. After arriving home, she went shopping for her father. Her fiancé waited for her while she came out of the shop, and walked home with her. She then appears to have gone into a house to borrow a bicycle spanner for him. On coming out, she was seized by two police officers, who informed her that she would have to go with them to the police-station. Asking why, they informed her that she would learn when she got there. She screamed as they took her, and her father ran out of the house to her assistance, but was warned by the officers not to interfere with them "in the execution of their duty." At the police-station the officers charged her with "soliciting." "Did you see her do anything wrong?" demanded the austere station officer. "No," was the response of one of the police who had arrested her, "I did not"; and we gather from the report that the officer-in-charge "refused to take her." How in that case she subsequently came before the magistrates is not explained. It is unfortunately the habit of many of these police-court reporters to make themselves obscure.

What at least is not obscure is the evidence of a detective, who was either one of the officers who arrested her, or one on whose instructions she was arrested. He said he had kept observation upon the woman, and had seen her "accost" several men. They were strangers; none of them was her father, brother, or fiancé. Curiously, the policeman who informed the station-officer (according to the woman's statement on oath) that he had not seen her do anything wrong, corroborated the detective. On the other hand, the father, a respectable man who had lived in the town for thirteen years and "brought up a family of nine, honest and straight," as well as his daughter's fiancé, gave evidence that she was with them practically the whole of the evening. The magistrates dismissed the case. "Will you say that my daughter leaves the court without a stain on her character?" anxiously demanded the father. The Clerk spoke for their worships: "She must simply leave the Court now," he said; "she is discharged." The police may have made an honest mistake; we can say nothing of that; but if the evidence told so heavily against their allegations that the bottom was knocked out of them, surely it justified a dismissal without a stain. The magistrates have left the woman to bear a cruel stigma by the fussy intervention, at a critical moment, of their clerk, whose attitude is incomprehensible. We suggest that the Chief Superintendent of Police should institute the fullest inquiries into the woman's character and antecedents, and, if they are favourable, make, in open court, a statement which will meet the justice apparently still wanting in the case.

Evidently the Chief Constable of Hull is determined to limit the right of the public to free access to Victoria Square. On behalf of the police, he summoned a man for obstruction by loitering there, and for no other offence whatever. Then when the defence was taken up by the local Trades and Labour Council, he seems to have climbed down with all haste, had the summons marked "Withdrawn," and offered no evidence—leaving the man and his friends to pay the costs. But for the persistence of the defendant's solicitor, this he would have had to do. It is just as necessary that the public right of assembly for all lawful purposes should be persistently and zealously defended in Hull as it was in the case of Trafalgar Square in London. Though Major Malcolm is the Chief Constable, he must not be permitted to play the role of autocrat in respect of the legitimate liberties of the Hull citizens.

The Llanelly magistrates must have joined the League of Mercy. A few days since, a haulier was before them charged with ill-treating a horse. A policeman saw the brute "kicking the horse unmercifully," and beating it on the head with a whip handle. "The animal was groaning from the blows received." The haulier pleaded guilty, but wanted to know what he was to do when the horse wouldn't go? "The bench imposed a fine of £1 and costs." Other Llanelly hauliers will doubtless make a note of the official tariff.

The patience of passengers is amazing. They will apparently submit to any imposition at the hands of railway directors. They pay 5d. to travel from Barking to Bow Road, *via* Bromley, though the fare is only 2½d. from Barking to Bromley, and 1d. from Bromley to Bow Road. Again, they pay 4½d. from St. Margaret's to Putney, 5d. from Putney to Waterloo, but 10½d. for the whole distance. No doubt similar instances could be multiplied. Why does not somebody start a Railway Travellers' Protection Society? Or shall the John Bull League deal with the matter?

Evidently there are no luxuries for casuals Kent way, so the poor-rates should come light. Charged at Dartford police-court with refusing to break his appointed seven hundredweight of stones, a casual entertained in the local workhouse explained to the magistracy that he could not do it on dry bread. "What *does* he really get for breakfast?" the Chairman asked the Casual Superintendent. "Half a pound of bread, and water," was the reply; "it is the dietary right through Kent." "You ought to be very thankful for the shelter you get," said the Chairman—Lor' bless his heart. "You will be sentenced to seven days' hard labour." He may now get a change in gaol, so that he has still a chance of being thankful. To our mind, however, the task does seem rather too stiff for the food. It is true that in times past when a man asked for bread he was occasionally given a stone; but we do not recall any record in the Scriptures of anyone getting seven hundredweight.

Speaking of the workhouse, Mr. Lloyd George will learn with regret that his Budget has already caused trouble in that establishment. At Greenwich it has increased the costs nearly 13s. per week, to save which the Guardians are compelled for awhile to deprive the poor pauper of one-third of his weekly ounce of baccy. A resolution to that effect was proposed, seconded, and carried, and not until a subsequent motion that the previous resolution be rescinded was also seconded and carried by eleven to four, did the inmates get their two pipesful of 'baccy back. Now a guardian, one Soper, is boiling over with wrath and indignation to such an extent at the prospect of 12s. 11d. more per week going on the poor-rate that he threatens to move that the 'baccy allowance shall be stopped altogether. On our knees we beseech him to withdraw that pitiful inhumanity to his fellow creatures.

But if Dartford is thrifty, and Greenwich threatens to be mean, Poplar apparently longs to be itself again. The district auditor has surcharged the Guardians of the far-famed hostel there £427 odd in the accounts of the Central Unemployed Body on the ground that "at the time they entered into contracts they were aware they could have obtained clothing of the description specified at a less cost to the ratepayers." In his opinion the charges for the clothing are "unreasonable and exorbitant." We have no personal information whether in this instance it was of red plush, green velvet, violet satin, or best yellow Scotch tweed. There is nevertheless a certain vigour in the auditor's language, leading to the supposition that the clothing was not gorgeous enough for the money. Hence the Guardians will be mulct £427 5s. 10d. in their private pockets. It is a vengeful and censorious world.

Mr. S. Dash and Mr. P. B. Malone, J.P., would best consult their dignity by retiring from membership of the Tottenham Education Committee. Mr. Dash has a daughter holding appointment under the Committee; Mr. Malone has a wife and son in the same position. It need not be, and possibly cannot be, charged that either of these gentlemen has exercised his vote or influence in favour of his relatives. But the fact that they are both closely interested in a contract with the Committee through their relatives, and that their presence as members is likely to influence other members, consciously or unconsciously, in the interpretation of questions affecting those contracts, should induce them to take a strict view of the anomaly. Their position is similar to that which Mr. Malone, who is a magistrate, would occupy if he sat in judgment on matters in which he was interested in pocket or family. It was an error of judgment on the part of Mr. Malone and Mr. Dash to consent to occupy places on the Committee, and it was a still greater error of judgment on the part of those who voted them to it. Further than this, we do not make the slightest reflection on either of these gentlemen, who, for all we know to the contrary, are men of the highest principle and honour.

We do not go so far as our correspondent who suggests that everybody should leave off smoking, until—not until the Chancellor foregoes that ha'penny per ounce, but until the tobacco trade treats its employees better. We do not smoke, ourselves; and we have said things about the Imperial Company and the wages paid to some of its workpeople. Therefore we cannot be accused of lack of sympathy with the idea of an anti-tobacco league. But the evil, we submit, does not call for any such drastic cure. Let the tobacco shop attendants organise in a union to help themselves before they call upon the public to inconvenience itself on their behalf. This recommendation covers equally a lot of other workers who show a disposition to lament loudly over conditions which they could themselves alter if they had the grit to help themselves. Only when the organised workers are met with a flat refusal to negotiate ought the public to be bothered with these matters—except in the case of women and children.

The more one learns of the mystery of the sausage, the more mysterious it becomes. An inquiry as to its true nature reminds us of the early quest of Omar Khayyam in another connection, in that evermore we return to the starting point by the same door wherein we went—the door of a stupendous ignorance. Even those wise men, our King's counsel, are utterly baffled, and have to take refuge in doubtful phrases, such as "commercial" and "fresh." The ordinary man when he asks for sausage imagines that he is getting meat and bread and vegetable flavouring; and he may get all or any one of these things; but he is as likely to get damp boric acid: so much water, so much boric acid, and, sometimes, so much meat that might not taste good nor smell nice if allowed to pursue the even tenour of its way to putrefaction, unattended by the offices of the practical chemist. It seems that about 22 grains of boric acid to a pound of pork sausage will do no one any harm, unless "used to conceal something which would otherwise be discovered." There's the rub! It sounds ominous. *Has* anyone seen our cat?

We understand that Mr. Vincent, who has purchased the right to supply visitors to the White City with bath-chairs on hire, has received a letter from Mr. Kiralfy informing him that the men who propel these vehicles will have to take out season tickets at half-a-guinea each, despite the fact that 2s. 6d. only was paid last year. The screw is evidently being put on by the "Director-General" all the way round—though in another sense it is being reduced.

Writing in our issue of March 27th, we said that "Shyamaji Krishnavarma and his misguided followers instigate others to crime and assassination, whilst they remain safely at India House, protected by laws which they boldly set at defiance. To rule India with its innumerable races, a strong, firm hand is needed. To those who seek to accomplish changes by means of bombs and other illegitimate and cruel measures involving the death of innocent victims, no mercy should be shown. It would be advisable, in our opinion, to transport the inmates of India House to St. Helena, where they would have leisure to reflect on the folly of their ways, and to evolve schemes for an Indian Utopia, which cannot possibly be realised for many generations." If you see it in JOHN BULL . . . . !

As an illustration of what may result from faddist interference, we read that the receipts of the Ilford Town Council have dropped £1,500 since its trams were forbidden to exhibit advertisements of alcoholic drinks. We hope the ratepayers appreciate the fact.

"Notice," says an advertisement in one of the Guernsey papers, under official "Lion and Unicorn" heading. "Owing to shortage of ammunition, voluntary shooting for 1909 will cease after Saturday next, the 26th inst.—Guernsey, 24th June, 1909." This should interest the Germans.

As we predicted many weeks ago, the Wellman airship has broken down, and the expedition to the North Pole has been put off till next summer. If you see it in JOHN BULL . . . . !

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

He was a parson, and had stepped into a third-class carriage—to the evident umbrage of his fellow passengers. "Do you know what I should do," said one of them to his companion, "if I had a son who was a bit of a fool? I should put him in the Church." "In that case," said the parson, looking over his paper, "you are not of the same opinion as your father."

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

THE KILLJOYS WHO WANT TO STOP THE CRYSTAL PALACE SUNDAY BANDS.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that "something like twenty men have gone to SMELL *the ranks of the unemployed,"*
THE CORK EVENING ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Mr. John Cross "will travel in Scotland for his new firm in LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING,"
THE DRAPERY TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that a boy's club "will be LIGHTED *with hot water apparatus,"*
THE NORTHWICH CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that when the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Glastonbury Abbey, during the service the assembly "bowed solemnly forward TOWARD THE ALTAR THAT WAS NO LONGER THERE,"
THE STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that "a gentleman will dispose of ALL *his wearing apparel,"*
AN ADVERTISER IN *THE EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that a competitor in a walking handicap ALSO RAN,
THE NORTHAMPTON DAILY ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing the morning services at Llandaff Cathedral as MATINEES,
THE WESTERN MAIL (Cardiff)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "there was no injury, only a fractured skull,"
DR. PREECE (per *LIVERPOOL ECHO*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "after a CLOSELY CONTESTED *election, Mr. C. A. Hanson was successful with a* VERY LARGE MAJORITY,"
THE REFEREE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising his cigarettes as smoked by the Crown Prince of Italy (who was born in 1904),
A TOBACCONIST, NAMED COEN,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the late Prebendary Peacey will be succeeded, thrown into the roadway, and smashed,"
THE SUSSEX EVENING TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in connection with a boating disaster, that "Hunt was in a dazed condition, having SUNG *twice,"*
THE SOUTH WALES DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that "*LORD *Thurlow is a sister of Lord Elgin, and as Lady Elma Bruce acted as bridesmaid to Queen Alexandra,"*
THE DAILY SKETCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following heading:—"Queen of Spain's baby. Exciting American man hunt;"
THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following advertisement:—"Airedale Dog Puppy, strong, healthy, 9 weeks; Wanted; only steady, reliable men need apply,"
MR., MRS. OR MISS LAW, OF MUIRKIRK,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

"CHRISTIE'S."

A FEW PLAIN WORDS TO THE GREAT AUCTIONEERS.

For our present purposes we do not wish to take any lower estimate of "Christie's" than the partners of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Wood desire to take of themselves and their firm, which is prominent as the first of all auction rooms in the world for the disposal of works of Art. This is the high standard which has been obtained in the past, and, we feel sure, is certainly the high standard which its present proprietors wish to maintain in the future.

On a Pinnacle.

One may, however, remove oneself too far above the Pharisees, the money changers, and the dealers; for it is very doubtful if Saint Simeon Stylites, had he descended from his Patience-like attitude on a monument, would have proved as able a preacher as Father Bernard Vaughan. Messrs. Christie, to give them their popular title, set themselves so high a standard of probity that it is possible they think they have imbued all men with their own honesty, or at least, that their fair dealing repels all but men of their own character and attracts to them only men who are above suspicion.

If this is their attitude they are foolish persons, and we are doing them a kindness in showing cause why they should awake from their pleasant dreams, rub their eyes till they are open, and then set about providing themselves with the whips and scourges and the pitchforks which proved so serviceable in the historic cases of the Temple of Solomon and the Augean stables of more ancient times.

It has been, and we believe is, the fond pride of Christie's that they are the Tattersalls of the Art world; that is to say, that they are far above rival auctioneers in taking every means in their power to exclude tricks of the trade and the class of persons who in another sphere are known as dopers and horse copers; in fact, that the entries in their catalogues are as far above suspicion as the entries of the great classical races.

To attain this very desirable end Christie's arrogate to themselves the positions of experts and judges as to what is or is not genuine; that is to say, such as it is described in their catalogues. It is fair to say, and it is their pride, that this is the estimate which their customers—or, as is the purpose of this article to show—a certain section of their customers, take. But after pride cometh a fall; and, if Christie's were in the past too proud to listen to the gossip of the Art world, some of whom declared they were fools, and some of whom sneered at them as knaves, they should now be wise enough to doubt their own omnipotence, and not only be more careful, but take means, when in doubt, to make their doubt more evident, so that their own reputation, and the pockets of their customers, may become more secure.

We say "now" because it has been at last made plain in the law courts by the evidence of witnesses, by the observations of the judge, and the verdict of a jury, that the descriptions in Christie's catalogues not only "simply astonish" one particular witness but the whole of the Art world. We refer, of course, to what is known as "the Dickins Case," in which it was demonstrated that "fakes," which were traced to their makers and their vendors, were described in Christie's catalogues as "Fine old Dresden," and being thus described by Christie's catalogues, were sold in their rooms in King Street for large prices.

It is not enough for Messrs. Christie to reply that they guarantee nothing.

Though this applies to no other auctioneer in the world, by their own attitude and reputation there is an implied guarantee—and Messrs. Christie themselves are, rightly, most proud of this very valuable trade asset—that the descriptions in their catalogues are above suspicion as undisputed proofs of genuineness as Messrs. Rothschild's guarantee of any loan.

Now it may surprise Messrs. Christie to hear that of late the value of this guarantee has been, and is being, questioned by the trade and other experts.

In fact, it is well known that Messrs. Christie's are being used by unscrupulous persons who manage to outwit them, to the grave disadvantage of the public. Not only are dealers' pictures put into Christie's, but they are bid up by their owners themselves for no other purpose than to obtain the implied guarantee of Christie's catalogues and to make record prices with which to bamboozle the ignorant over-rich.

This no doubt is a standard of morality above which most auctioneers do not pretend to soar. They would probably tell you, quite frankly, that they owe no duty to the public, and if they did it would not include making inquiries as to the genuineness of goods sent to them for sale, or the authenticity of descriptions with which they are provided.

But it is a part of the pride—and the just pride—of Messrs. Christie that, not only do they know, but that their own name is a far higher hall-mark than any other mark or name.

This is not only a very proper sense of morality but a business standing, which Messrs Christie have been at great pains and expense to build up, and which they would be well advised to maintain, for when the name and fame of Christie comes to be regarded as below the standard of that of Cæsar's wife the beginning of the end of Christie's will have set in.

Our intent is to open the eyes of Messrs. Christie to a proper sense of the responsibility they assumed, or which has been thrust upon them, to their great advantage, and to persuade them that they cannot afford to look lightly on the moral which has been taught by their unfortunate mistakes over the Dickins sale, and to urge them by redoubled efforts to regain their old position, which over-reliance in their own honesty, and an inadequate appreciation of the knavish tricks of dealers, has imperilled.

"Knock-Outs."

Messrs. Christie, if they have ever heard of anything so vulgar as the "Knock-Out," may imagine that it appertains only to some dirty and smelly Polish Jews who frequent Whitechapel, from which they descend upon country sales, but, at any rate, never cross Piccadilly or St. James's Square.

It is our painful duty to inform Messrs. Christie that besides these Fagins, Artful Dodgers, Noah Claypoles, and Charlie Bates, there are the "Heads," as they are called, and that these gentlemen occupy, not only private houses in the West End, but expensive shops in our most fashionable and highly-rented and rated streets, and that their happy hunting ground is King Street, St. James's.

It may astonish, but should interest, Messrs. Christie to hear that the West End "Knock-Out" is held in a large and well-furnished room which is specially retained for the purposes of dividing the spoils which should be the legitimate profits of their private customers, the ladies and gentlemen who confidingly send their pictures, their laces, diamonds, china, prints, old furniture, and other valuables to Christie's in the fond and foolish belief that they will receive—save Messrs. Christie's 5 per cent. or 10 per cent. commission—every sixpence of their value.

It will probably horrify Messrs. Christie to learn that articles which have fetched under their hammer no more than 30s. have produced at the "Knock-Out" as much as £400, and that 700 and 1,000 per cent. is not an unusual price to be divided among the members of the "Knock-Out" for, as they call it, their "day's work," before the article is repriced and offered in the shop of the dealer who secures it.

Some sympathetic reader may say: "But how can Messrs. Christie protect the public from this flagrant abuse?"

The Remedy.

The remedy is very simple. In the first place, they might set their house in order by endeavouring to exclude from their rooms the undesirables who now infest them, and ought to be known to Messrs. Christie, and they might, with the aid of proper experts, so catalogue articles of exceptional value, and so advise their customers as to proper reserve prices, as to defeat the machinations or reduce the profits of these parasites.

Messrs. Christie would secure the thanks of the public, and the support of many honest dealers, if they could insure their rooms being an open market.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President: HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Offices: 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Object. *To oppose Cant and Self-Righteousness, and to promote a robust and self-reliant public opinion, independently of all creeds and parties.*

An Inaugural Meeting will shortly be held to adopt the Rules and Constitution.

SIR ALFRED JONES AND THE JAMAICA EARTHQUAKE.

The people of Jamaica are supposed to be under considerable obligation to Sir Alfred Jones. But somehow Sir Alfred Jones has never been very popular in Jamaica, and now, at any rate amongst the business community, his is not a name to conjure with.

It will be remembered that some two years ago Jamaica was visited by an earthquake, which pretty well destroyed Kingston. Capital is not very abundant in the West Indies, and the only hope of Kingston being quickly rebuilt was in the payment of the moneys claimed from British Fire Offices. But after some hesitation these offices declined to pay on the ground that the fire followed instead of preceded, the earthquake, in which case they were absolved. It was a very nice point, almost a question of minutes, and it led to very prolonged and costly litigation, which was ultimately ended in favour of Kingston. Amongst those who held a strong opinion in support of the theory that the fire preceded the earthquake was Mr. J. G. Little, Chief Officer of the *Port Kingston*, one of the vessels of the Imperial Direct West India Company, of which Sir Alfred Jones is Chairman. Nor did he hesitate to express this opinion, but he did not volunteer to give evidence. That Mr. Little's evidence was given in a proper spirit is sufficiently proved by the following letter from Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., one of the Counsel engaged in the case. It is dated from 1, Hare Court, Temple, E.C., August 4th, 1908:—

> DEAR LITTLE,—You will have heard by this time of the Privy Council's decision, and Sir Robert Finlay told them that your *bona-fides* and honesty were not and could not be questioned.
>
> We have had a great victory, and the people of Kingston owe you a debt of gratitude beyond all expression, for your pluck in helping them.

In cross-examining him, Mr. Dickens, K.C., on behalf of the Insurance Companies, did not impugn his *bona-fides* in the matter. Mr. Little's evidence meant heavy loss to Messrs. Tootal, Broadhurst, and Lee among others, but in a letter addressed to him by Mr. Lee that gentleman writes under date June 29th, 1908:—

> I hold the opinion that you assisted us to the utmost; that your evidence was absolutely true, and that as a witness you were compelled to appear.

It is quite clear from these letters that Mr. Little was in no way to blame. He was compelled by law to give evidence, and he spoke what he believed to be the truth. But this was not the opinion of Sir Alfred Jones, and Mr. Little having heard that Sir Alfred was annoyed with him, and had expressed a wish that Mr. Little should not return to the Company's employment, wrote to Sir Alfred stating the facts, and expressing his confidence that in the circumstances he would not allow him to be injured. To which Sir Alfred Jones sent the following remarkable reply. It is dated July 2nd, 1908:—

> Your letter of the 28th June came duly to hand. I have thought over the matter several times and I am still of opinion that it would have been better for the Company and better for all concerned if you had not mixed yourself up with this fire story. Nobody believed you, and certainly, as far as I am concerned, I do not. However, it is no use saying anything about that now. You have remained at home for your own convenience, and when you are ready for service again you may apply to us.

It required no seer to know that Mr. Little would not long remain in the employment of a Steamship Company of which Sir Alfred Jones was Chairman, and in March last the Company intimated that they had no further occasion for his services.

So strongly did the business men of Kingston feel upon the matter, that on May 12th a meeting of the Jamaica policyholders was held at the Collegiate Hall, Kingston, "for the purpose of considering what steps should be taken to present a suitable testimonial to Mr. J. G. Little, late Chief Officer of the *Port Kingston*." There was a very large and representative gathering of the business men of Jamaica. The Hon. G. P. Myers presided, and the Mayor spoke, the following resolution being carried unanimously:—

> That the letter of Sir Alfred Jones to Mr. Little of July 2nd, 1908, is ungracious and insulting, and the communication could not be justified. And this meeting protests against the suggestion of perjury therein contained, and against the attitude of Sir Alfred Jones that a duty performed by his employee to this community is an evil to his company.

What says Sir Alfred Jones?

SOUTHAMPTON AND ITS RATE COLLECTOR.

The Southampton Corporation have a primary duty to the ratepayers, and also a primary duty to Mr. Jarvis, the rate collector, who, on the public allegations made at a full meeting by the chairman of the Finance Committee, has been guilty of heavy defalcations in connection with his accounts. The Finance Committee are now, according to Alderman Hollis, in possession of evidence proving these defalcations. Mr. Jarvis, therefore, rests under an imputation of which, if innocent, he must be anxious to clear himself without delay. The duty of the Corporation is to prosecute and let Mr. Jarvis meet the charges made against him. It would be a gross and flagrant scandal if a prosecution were shelved because of "the position he occupies in the town," or in order to stifle open inquiry into the methods of the Borough Treasurer's department.

What were the allegations made at the meeting of the Corporation? That Mr. Jarvis has received large sums of money in rates for which he has given no receipts; that his deficiency was considerable; that he showed in his cash-book certain sums as due to the Corporation, and then obtained equivalent sums from the ratepayers and paid them in to cover his deficiency; that the facts are so clear to the insurance company protecting the Corporation by a bond of £500 that they have already paid the bond money, and covered their loss by taking a deed of redemption on Mr. Jarvis's house and the balance from his friends; and that, up to the date of the Council meeting, there are sums amounting to £100 still deficient. That is the charge, and despite that it involves matters of the gravest concern to the whole body of Southampton ratepayers, we seem to detect in the speeches of some members of the Council a disinclination to give Mr. Jarvis an opportunity to defend his good name by taking his trial. At all events, the matter has been referred to a "special sub-committee," though what just function the sub-committee can perform, in face of the allegations already made by Alderman Hollis on behalf of the Finance Committee, is not clear. They may probe a little deeper and discover a little more; but nothing they are likely to discover can relieve the Corporation of their duty to prosecute on the facts already revealed. We trust the ratepayers of Southampton will insist on the free play of justice as between themselves and their collector.

A NEW LITANY.

BY AN OLD TORY.

From the scorn of the Righteous, from the distrust of the sincere, the pangs of remorse, and from unrequited love,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From crassness of ignorance and pigheadedness, from the Judicial Mind, from the insolence of officialdom, and all the delays of the law,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From the tongue that never tires, from the heart that never softens, and from the retributory depression of the Subsequent Morning,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From Passive Resisters, antivaccinationists, liars, anti-motorists, teetotal fanatics, and slanderers,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all superfluity of naughtiness, from the present Government, and from all the crafts and assaults of the Devil,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From the inquisitorial machinations of the Income Tax Assessor, from one-sided Free Trade, socialism, unjust taxation, and from the abiding sorrow of ever-increasing rates,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From defective sanitation, Radical Journalism, malodorous dentition, imperfect ablutionists, and ALL uncleanness,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From plague, free imports, Church bazaars, raffles and pestilence, from the Nonconformist Conscience, and from ALL hypocrisy,

Good Lord, deliver us.

(In quires and places where they sing, here followeth the collection.)

What is Your Number?

See page iii. of cover.

A DISCIPLE OF THE TURKISH TYRANTS.

By Herbert Vivian.

I understand that Mr. Wyon has written a book about Montenegro, and shares my enthusiasm for that last refuge of liberty in the Balkans. I am, therefore, unhappy to find him defending the indefensible tyranny of the old scoundrels who call themselves Young Turks, the wretches who are now committing the foulest crimes in the prostituted name of Liberty.

I will dispose of his childish-Turk criticisms quite quickly. He talks of a "fanatical priesthood," but anyone who has made acquaintance with the Ottoman clergy must know that they are broad-minded gentlemen, though the Sheikh-ul-Islam is doubtless an exception, for he was suborned to decree the (temporary) deposition of the Khalif.

Mr. Wyon sneers at the "despotic power" of a benevolent monarch, but he has not a word of reproach for the barbarous butchery, wholesale hangings, thefts, rapes, tortures, arbitrary imprisonments, suppression of free thought and a free press, wherewith the new era has been heralded.

Mr. Wyon prates about "the Constitution" as though that were a great god, whom it would be blasphemy to impugn. But Constitutions have already been tried in Turkey, and found wanting. The Constitution of last year was graciously conceded by His Majesty as an experiment. If he swore to maintain it, he could have been absolved from his oath when necessity arose. But there is no evidence that he intended to depart from his word. In any case, if he had done so, there would have been no blame comparable to that of officers who violated their solemn oath of allegiance and laid violent hands on the anointed of Allah.

Mr. Wyon, in a torrent of split infinitives, protests that the rebellious invaders of Yildiz did not wear hats. Well, it is notorious that many of them were Jews, Greeks, giaours, with only a courtesy claim to a fez. He admits that the invading army contained many Bulgarian komitajis, murderous desperadoes whose hands were stained with Christian blood, engineers of assassination during many long years in the Macedonian vilayets.

Mr. Wyon says "it should be obvious that native Christians have even more interest than the Turk to maintain the Constitution." Perhaps it should be obvious. Meanwhile it certainly is not. The Constitution, as administered by the unconstitutional gang which is now dominant, has set the whole Ottoman Empire by the ears, and we hear of nothing but protests from Greek bishops, Servian archimandrites, Syrian deputies, all the disjunctive elements of the Empire.

As to the enthusiasm at the last legitimate Selamlik, it is nonsense to suggest, as Mr. Wyon does, that loyalty could be bought by "a glass of sherbet and Turkish delight."

The mouldiness of Mr. Wyon's mind may be judged by his crazy charge of an intention to massacre the European colony of Constantinople. Even the blindest detractors of His Majesty admit that he was a wonderful diplomatist. It is therefore babyish to suggest that he could have meditated a stupid act, which would have set all Europe against him and rendered his deposition inevitable. Mr. Wyon's laughable theory that the dirty work of the insurgents was laudable bluff therefore falls to the ground. They were not Machiavellian defenders of the European colony. If they played a game of poker, it was with the object of securing the pool for themselves. Of course, His Majesty knew the strength of the rebels. But unfortunately his belief in human nature led him to credit their professions of loyalty. Otherwise they would not now be alive to point a dangerous moral and adorn a lying tale.

However, Mr. Wyon is scarcely worth the compliment of an argument. He is almost hysterical in his adulation of the puppet who has been slung like a sack of wheat upon the throne of Othman. If Mr. Wyon were opening his mouth for a concession, he could scarcely lick spittle more unctuously. Though when he lays stress on the musical and poetical accomplishments of Reshad Effendi, he tacitly admits the unsuitability of his idol to occupy an altar. A musician and a poet when the Empire needs a statesman!

Similarly, Mr. Wyon strays far from the calm attitude of an historian when he exclaims: "Personally, I think it unfair to ascribe the creation of Abdul Hamid to Allah." In the name of the Prophet, who made Wyon?

Seriously, the point to remember is that His Majesty displayed incredible ingenuity in defending the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The so-called constitutionalists have already lost Bosnia, Herzegovina and Bulgaria. They are about to be deprived of Crete. And their only answer is to threaten a massacre of Christians at Smyrna.

La parole est à MM. les Albanais.

OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

Specially Mis-reported for "John Bull."

By Richard Morton.

REMOVAL OF RUBBISH.—A TECHNICAL QUESTION.

Mr. Alderman Tortue had before him at the Mansion House the case of The Pictorial Press, Ltd., against the City Corporation. The Corporation was summoned for that they, being the sanitary authority for the City of London, did unlawfully fail, without reasonable cause, to remove from the premises of The Pictorial Press, after due written notice had been given them, certain house refuse.

In the course of a long argument, Mr. Perfumo, who appeared for the prosecution, said his clients were the publishers of two magazines called *Weakly Bits* and *Monthly Mush*. It was their fate to have dumped upon them a large number of manuscripts which they did not invite, and certainly did not require. Some things they did print were pretty bad, but the rejected ones were infinitely worse.

The Alderman: Do these papers really receive worse stuff than they print?

Mr. Perfumo: Such are my instructions, though it is scarcely credible.

The Alderman: Dear me. It seems impossible.

Mr. Perfumo was glad to have that expression of opinion, because His Worship would see how important it was that such matter should be cleared off the premises and not allowed to accumulate till it became a public nuisance. He was prepared to say that some of the poetry was so bad that it was dangerous to health. His clients' waste-paper baskets were crammed to suffocation with matter they had been compelled to refuse, yet the Corporation refused to treat it as refuse and refused to cart it away. He contended it was house refuse, and his clients refused to house it. (*Loud laughter, in which counsel joined.*)

Mr. Dickory Dock, Assistant City Solicitor, claimed that the rubbish was not house refuse, but trade refuse. Some of the articles sent to these magazines were so heavy that it would require a steam crane to lift them; but they all reached the prosecutors in the way of business, and it was their duty to destroy them.

The Alderman said he could appreciate the anxiety of the prosecutors to have this terrible stuff carted off their premises. It was so bad that even they could not print it, and it certainly must be got rid of somehow, and as speedily as possible. What he had to decide was, was it house refuse or trade refuse? Now, journalism was a profession, and as there were reporters in Court who were quite capable of criticising him, he would say it was a very noble profession. Therefore, as it was not a trade, this could not be trade refuse. In his opinion, it was professional refuse, and therefore nobody was legally obliged to remove it. He should accordingly make no order on the summons, but his sympathies were entirely with the editors who had such awful rubbish pushed into their letter-boxes, and if he could only get hold of the real criminals, he would promise them no mercy in that Court. The case was dismissed.

THE HOPELESS QUEST.—AFFECTING CASE.

At Blenheim Street, before Mr. Dedman, a weird-looking creature with a vacant expression of countenance, was charged with loitering with felonious intent. He said his name was Columbus Shackleton.

Inspector Coppem said that while he was on duty in Regent Street his attention was directed to the movements of the prisoner, who was dodging in and out among the ladies gazing into the shop windows. He saw the man distinctly place his hand among the folds of a lady's dress and endeavour to pick her pocket.

The Magistrate: Did he get anything?

The Inspector: No, sir. The attempt resulted in failure, and the expression on the man's face when he drew a blank was pitiable in the extreme.

The Magistrate (to prisoner): Do you pick pockets?

Prisoner: No, sir. I take 'em as they come. I used to get a good living among the gents, but in an evil moment I started to try to pick a lady's pocket, and I've not had a square meal since. It has been a bloomer every time.

The Magistrate: You never found a prize?

Prisoner (laughing hysterically): I've never found the pocket yet! Did you ever find a lady's pocket? Ha-ha-ha!

The Magistrate: Poor fellow! His mind is deranged, and I do not wonder at it after his frightful experience. What a dreadful search his has been! Fortunately the law allows me to minister to him in his distress, and I direct him to be taken to Brixton in a cab and to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure. He has had a dreadful shock, but time and care may cure what seems a hopeless case.

"IN THE AIR."

NOTES ON AVIATION.

By W. PARKER.

An Aeroplane Debutant.

Mr. G. B. Cockburn, a young Englishman and a member of the Aero Club, had an interesting first trial recently at Chalons. He took his seat in a Farman machine, and was shown by Mr. Farman the general method of handling the levers, but told to stick to mother earth for the time being. He disregarded the latter part of the lesson, however, and after a run of forty yards rose into the air, where he executed an even flight of 500 yards at a height of about 12 feet, to the equal surprise of himself and Mr. Farman. Unluckily—or luckily—for the aviator, a hitch occurred somewhere in the steering gear, and, with a ready resource which does him credit, he promptly cut off the ignition and planed down immediately, striking the ground at considerable speed and doing some slight injury to the machine. He escaped unhurt to tell the tale, and will take his second lesson in a few days. It will be necessary to repair the chassis of the machine, but Mr. Farman was more pleased than otherwise at the pluck and resource of his pupil, who might easily have lost his head and done himself and the aeroplane severe damage. It becomes clearer every day that, even with the rudimentary machines of the day, flight can be easily accomplished after a few lessons by anyone with a cool head and a capacity for prompt action in an emergency, qualities which, as a rule, Englishmen possess in fairly ample measure. Men are only waiting for the machines, and this summer will see scores of successful flights made by amateurs in this country.

Aeroplane Finance.

We are still keeping out of the clutch of the Aerial Company Promoter. He is almost an unknown quantity in England, and it is to be hoped he will long remain so. In France, Germany, and America he is already stretching out his tentacles for the public's money, and there is no doubt he has already got a good deal. England was quick in realising the limitations of heavier-than-air flight, and is biding her time with customary prudence. The surprise of the situation is the paucity of prizes now offered in America, the *New York World* prize being the only substantial thing of the kind there at the present moment. This is all the more extraordinary when the immense activity in constructive departments is realised. The practical American capitalist evidently sees that a quick return for his money is not yet to be got, and that the making of sensational records by another man is not likely to benefit the prize-giver or advertise him to an extent commensurate with the loss of his money. No American will spend 5,000 dollars on a machine to win 500 dollars, plus the honour and glory, no matter how easy the conditions are, and not a great many can spare the time and money necessary if they are to build an aeroplane and fly it for sport pure and simple. Were it to become a commercial proposition to-morrow, America would jump in quickly enough, but, like ourselves, she does not yet see the solid dollars in the game, and leaves the Wrights to do their real financing on this side of the water.

National Expenditure on Aeronautics.

England has spent the insignificant amount of 5,000 and odd pounds on ballooning and aeroplaning within the last twelve months, about two-thirds of which went in aeroplane experiments. This contrasted with Germany's £134,000 from the public fund, and the Zeppelin Airship fund subscribed by private individuals, which amounts to over a quarter of a million sterling, makes a very poor show. France comes next to Germany, having spent on her dirigibles and other balloons some £45,000, and even Austria beats us by a few hundreds. It may be all to the good to let other nations experiment for you at their own expense, but skill is not gained without practice, and if the day comes when we require a fleet of war dirigibles we shall only have ourselves to blame if we have not the men capable of running them, and that day may be nearer than our pacific War Office thinks.

The "Daily Mail" Prizes.

The *Mail* has done a good thing in altering the classic simplicity which distinguished its original rules for its three contests: the cross-Channel £1,000, the "All British" one mile, and the £10,000 London to Manchester. They left a good many details, which might have caused embarrassment afterwards, to be cleared up, and in calling in the advice of the Aero Club, and that of the impressively named International Aeronautical Federation, they have put things on a much more satisfactory basis for all concerned. Rule 6 providing that the entrant must furnish satisfactory evidence of previous flights, and Rule 7 which compels the entrant to supply signed evidence of the exact points of departure and arrival, will at least guarantee the *bonâ fides* of all attempts at crossing the Channel, and the status of the £1,000 one-mile flight secures the absolute exclusion of all foreign made machines, even if owned and run in this country. The complete machine, motor and all, must be of British manufacture, and the regulations governing the presence of the official observers of the Aero Club will make the record more valuable. There should be a central authority invoked in all these matters, and the Aero Club have done well in co-operating with the donors of the prizes, and have probably prevented innumerable complications which can be easily "foreseen"—afterwards!

"WELCOME HOME!"

Apropos the Imperial Press Conference, a correspondent thinks that Lord Rosebery's "Welcome Home" must have caused many a caustic smile, especially amongst the Canadian representatives.

> Canadians who have spent any length of time in England know just how "welcome home" they are unless they have brought with them their own fatted calves for the fathers of the homestead to relish.
>
> There is rampant an inflated idea of this fatherly, motherly, sisterly, brotherly feeling between England and the younger nations; there is a political war-whoop concerning an Imperial unity which does not exist, but there is nothing truer than that this country looks on these growing lands of present fulfilment and future promise as her "Colonies," patches of earth belonging to the one and only England.
>
> During the South African war, when the first, thorough thousand Canadians arrived at the front they were looked down on by both officers and men of the British Army as mere "Colonials." After Paardeberg the men from Canada cared little for the former sneers of a British Tommy and as little for the hauteur of the ordinary English officer from Whitehall or Aldershot. Comparisons were then odious. The worth of the man from the Dominion had been proved.
>
> "Welcome Home!" reiterates the ex-Premier of England, and, in the next sentence, "but we want you to do some missionary work when you get back to your *real* homes, and send us some *Dreadnoughts* or the money to buy them. Welcome Home, and just tell them in your own countries what we here tell you to tell them. We will dine you and wine you for a short time, but not for long—but don't forget the *Dreadnoughts*. We wish you were as welcome here as the *Dreadnoughts* you could send us, but don't stay too long, or you may find out how our arms do stretch out to all Colonials. Welcome home, to a land in which few of you have ever set foot before," and so on.
>
> The Canadian delegates have come here armed partly with the knowledge of how much England cares for the Canadian people as Canadians, and it is not likely that wine of the vintage of even 1899 will dull the brains of these men to the true facts. The cut of their clothes, their English-dubbed "Yankee" accent, their keenness, and even their straight-forwardness will be as distasteful to the average man they meet here as in the common sense resolution of the Canadian Government to build Canada's ships for Canada, and keep (as is the real, true, unvarnished feeling in Canada) "Canada for the Canadians."

All of which is, at any rate, worth considering.

NEW ZEALAND'S "DREADNOUGHT."

They do not seem to be very appreciative of their Prime Minister, Sir Joseph Ward, in New Zealand. In a private letter, dated May 10th, the writer says:—

> "There is a nice old splutter out here over this wonderful *Dreadnought*. Sir Joseph Ward has been hauled over the coals for not bringing the matter before the House. Anyway, you can reckon on us loyally planking down our 2s. 6d. I believe the tax will be about 1s. 3d. per head. I call it a bit silly of New Zealand, seeing she is nearly bankrupt now. Surely if Australia can't afford it New Zealand can't. But it won't trouble us much. I suppose Sir Joseph Ward is currying favour. He is a little, undersized, common beggar, but has the gift of the gab and plenty of assurance."

They are not mealy-mouthed in New Zealand.

IRISHMEN.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

Disraeli ascribed all their misfortunes to the fact that they are "contiguous to a melancholy ocean." But we must not take the epigram too seriously. They are not really half so melancholy as their ocean, which, after all, is fairly cheerful as oceans go. They love to pose as victims—morose, oppressed, distressful. But they do so with laughing eyes and cheeks full of tongue. Oh! begorrah, they are not distressful at all at all, though they do make up admirably for the part. Listen to them crooning their ancestral sorrows to a doleful dirge, watch them working up fictitious emotions over prehistoric wrongs, and if you have any dramatic sense, if you have not the heart of a cannibal or a vivisector, you will be moved to maudlin tears.

Quick-change Artists.

But while you are searching your pockets for kerchiefs to receive your rheum, the dogs will have resumed their natural gaiety, will have brandished their shillelaghs, broken a crown or two, and forgotten all about the curse of Cromwell. They are incapable of taking themselves or anything seriously. They would provoke a free fight at a funeral, or even at a political meeting.

Broths of Boys.

Their chief charm lies in their devotion to sport. Indeed, life for them is one long game of skittles. Scarcely even a gipsy knows more about a horse than they. Go with one of them to a race-meeting, and you will admire his perspicacity with enthusiasm—until you begin to bet. Yet with all their shrewdness, Irishmen never do themselves any good. Whatever they trick you out of will be spent magnificently on wine, women and hospitality.

Foul Fare.

They pride themselves inordinately on their hospitality. Not after the manner of the Highland lairds, who compel you to their lairs only to feed you there on oats. An Irishman is replete with the instincts of hospitality, but these instincts are bounded on the North, South, East and West by mutton and whisky. I have been a guest in every part of Ireland and the fare was always the same—boiled mutton at one end of the table and boiled mutton at the other. Whisky, of course, everywhere, preferably with hot water and sugar. Irish whisky, too, which is only one degree removed from assafœtida. Steward!

False Friends.

There are some things I confess I don't like about them. They are treacherous. All through their history they have made a practice of selling one another. Look at the way they behaved to the only great leader they ever had—Charles Stewart Parnell. They are also easily whipped. If he had not succumbed to their foul climate, he would have whipped them all to heel. Their climate is no doubt far more terribly responsible for their misfortunes than the melancholy ocean. Fancy living from year's end to year's end on a bog in a mist. I should almost be tempted to drink. That is to say, if I could obtain fusel oil instead of Irish whisky.

Delightful Degenerates.

The Irish certainly belong to an inferior civilisation. Not only have they no sense of comfort or fidelity, or stability, or humour; not only are they noisy and lazy and feckless, but they almost seem as though they all suffered from some mental disease. There is a kink in their brains. They display all the most serious symptoms of degeneracy. Wild elation and deep depression alternate with all the swiftness of storm and sunshine in the tropics. They touch nothing which they do not exaggerate. There is no middle course with them. In religion, for instance, they are either priest-ridden bigots of a mediæval pattern or else purblind Protestants, beside whom Praise-God Barebones was a moderate and reasonable man. There is something savage and forbidding in their insensate superstition.

Orangemen.

Perhaps the lowest type of Irishman is to be found in the Northern provinces, where William of Orange has been canonised, almost deified. It is only fair to state that the inhabitants of that dour region are not really Irishmen at all. They are the descendants of raiders, who stole the land of the aborigines and fanned the flames of oppression. Fanatical intolerance is in their blood, and, if they dared, they would still burn Papists, mutilate priests, propagate their parody of Christianity with fire and sword. They are bragging bullies, hollow humbugs, lying thieves. If Judas Iscariot were alive to-day, he would undoubtedly be elected Grand Master of the Orange Lodges.

Not Yet Grown Up.

The true Irishman is all right if you remember that he must be treated as a child. He needs discipline far more than Home Rule, spanking far more than spoiling. But he is a very engaging child, full of pretty ways and quaint conceits. If I were his mother, I should never tire of relating anecdotes, illustrative of his precocity and wit. But I should send him to bed directly he threatened to become a bore.

Blunderland.

To sum up Ireland we must go to the Island of Blunderland in Disraeli's "Popanilla." I propose to conclude with a few elegant extracts:—

The women were angelic, which is the highest praise; and the men the most light-hearted, merry, obliging, entertaining fellows that he had met with in the whole course of his life. Oh! it was delicious.

Shortly after his arrival, according to the custom of the place, Popanilla joined the public table of his hotel at dinner. He was rather surprised that, instead of knives and forks being laid for the convenience of the guests, the plates were flanked with daggers and pistols. He addressed himself for information to his neighbour, one of the civilest, most hospitable, and joyous rogues that ever set a table in a roar. On Popanilla inquiring the reason of their using these singular instruments, his neighbour, with an air of great astonishment, confessed his ignorance of any people using any other; and in his turn asked how they could possibly eat their dinner without.

As his neighbour was telling him an excellent joke a man entered the room and shot the joker through the head. The opposite guest immediately discharged his pistol with effect and revenged the loss. Popanilla, who was very dizzy, was fortunately pushed under the table. When the firing and slashing had ceased, he ventured to crawl out. He found that the assailants had been beaten off, though unfortunately with the total loss of all the guests, who lay lifeless about the room. Popanilla rang the bell, and the waiters, who were remarkably attentive, swept away the dead bodies, and brought him a roasted potato for supper.

In the morning Popanilla was roused by his landlord, who told him that a large party was about to partake of the pleasures of the chase, and most politely enquired if he would like to join them. The party was numerous and well armed. Popanilla enquired of a huntsman what sport they generally followed in Blunderland. According to the custom of this country, where they never give a direct answer, the huntsman said that he did not know that there was any other sport but one. Popanilla thought him a brute, and dug his spurs into his horse.

They went off at a fine rate, and the exercise was most exhilarating. In a short time, as they were cantering along a defile, they received a sharp fire from each side, which rather reduced their numbers; but they revenged themselves for this loss when they regained the plain, where they burnt two villages, slew two or three hundred head of women, and bagged children without number. On their return home to dinner they chased a small body of men over a heath for nearly two hours, which afforded good sport.

After passing his days in this mannner for about a fortnight, Popanilla perfectly recovered from his dyspepsia. He took advantage . . . to enquire the reason of the disturbed state of this interesting country. He was told that it was in consequence of the majority of the inhabitants persisting in importing their own pineapples.

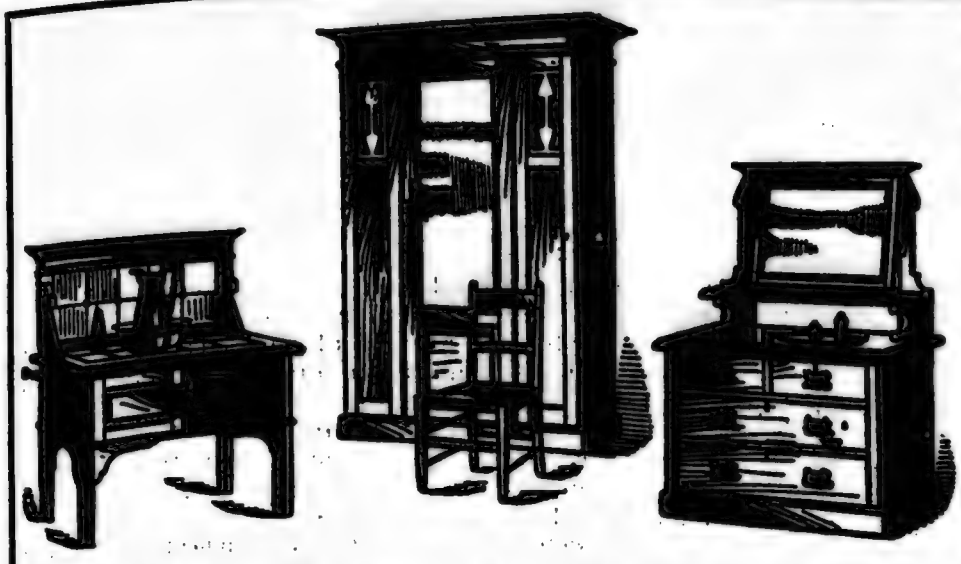
TRUTH AND LIES.

[The atrocious weather at midsummer is responsible for the following.]

Now the bard is shrieking praises
All about the fields and daisies,
And the weather never stays his
Ode to summer;
But the man on whom it pleases
Nature to bestow her sneezes,
Says—or should I write it, wheezes—
"Owed to summer!"

And the bard is not admired
Who, his brain by genius fired,
Pens these sentences inspired—
"Strike the lyre!
"Strike the lyre! the birds are singing
"With the joy that summer's bringing."
Then the reader's words come ringing—
"Strike the liar!"

C. T. P.



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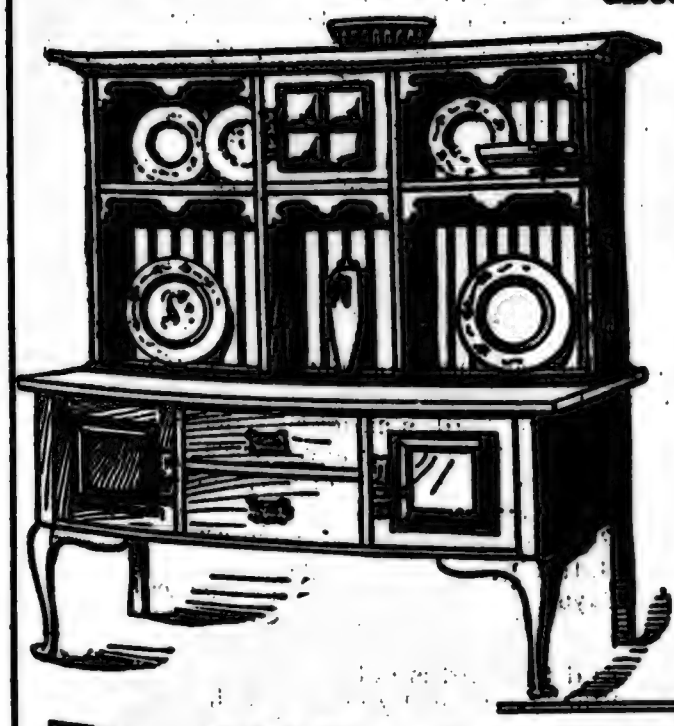

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THE BOUNDER.

By R. de L. Galvaner.

He was a firm believer in "Man is a sociable animal," was the Bounder. It was a soaking wet night when he entered the steaming 'bus, full of homeward-bound, silk-hatted, sad-visaged City men, and took the only vacant seat. He loosed his dripping overcoat, shaking the drops over our knees, and turned down the collar, considerably inconveniencing his right and left neighbours with his elbows in so doing; then removed his bowler to let it drain on to the wet straw at his feet, exhibiting a greasy head of hair almost as red as his hands. His collar was up to his ears, and his cuffs down to his knuckles.

"Nice weather for ducks, ain't it?" he remarked, sociably, in a loud voice, with an amiable grin, showing a horrible set of brown and decayed teeth.

Some of us looked up from our papers, but made no answer, and scowled instead. The damp was on the spirits of all, except those of the Bounder, who, nothing abashed by our unfriendly glances, looked more amiable than ever, and tried again.

"Phew! Makes you sweat like a Turkish bath in here, don't it?"

We did not even lift our eyes from our papers this time, but he was not daunted. He looked round to catch someone's eye, and fixed his attention on harmless Paterfamilias on the oposite seat, who, unfortunately, had no paper to bury his head in, and was endeavouring to avoid being dragged into conversation by glueing his eyes on an advertisement over the young man's head.

"Bit off, to go and see your 'one and only,' wet as a bloomin' sponge, ain't it? But, lor! she won't mind. 'I'll come, wet or dry,' I said; and, wet or dry, she'll be glad to see me."

"Indeed!" said Paterfamilias, with a hunted look.

"Rather," said the Bounder, with a wink. "And what's a drop of rain matter? You ain't obliged to sit in it, are you? What do you think?"

We did not hear what Paterfamilias thought, which, perhaps, showed him to be a man of some consideration. He suddenly became deeply engaged in making some abstruse calculations on the back of some old letters which he pulled from his pocket, and never raised his eyes for the rest of the journey. The Bounder looked at him pityingly for a moment, and then leaned sideways to share the newspaper of Spats and Dignity on his left.

"How's Surrey got on to-day?" he asked. "Bad day for the match, eh?"

"Have a look for yourself," said Spats, pushing the paper into the Bounder's hands and fetching another from his pocket and burying himself in it.

The Bounder blushed—such a blush! You could almost hear it. He folded up the paper with much nicety, and handed it back with a cutting "Thanks! I've seen all I want. It'll come in useful for wrappin' your dinner in." Then he subsided into silence. But not for long. Another opportunity for conversation presented itself, and he jumped at it. Consumptive on his right, coughed violently, and the Bounder turned a friendly face towards him.

"You've got a bad cough, sir."

"Well, I know that, don't I?" returned Consumptive, so quickly and so nastily that it literally froze the smile on the Bounder's face.

"Well, I was only saying so. No offence in that, is there?" he asked, after a slight pause. Consumptive took no notice of him, and he went on: "I was going to tell you something good for it. I've had 'em myself. You have a good basin of gruel with half a quartern of Scotch in it when you get home. Then go to bed, and, as soon as you are in bed, drink a good glass of cold water, the colder the better—and you'll sweat—lor! it won't 'arf make you sweat. You take my tip and try it."

"Look here," said Consumptive, with brutal frankness, "hadn't you better shut your head a bit? You'll be catching cold yourself, and a sore throat as well. You take my tip."

That finished him. He never smiled again—at least, not in our presence. He looked considerably hurt as, glancing round the 'bus, it dawned upon him that his conversation was not desired. I cannot say that he would not have come up smiling again, given a chance; but before any opportunity came, the 'bus stopped to take up a passenger, and the conductor poked in his head to inquire if we could make room for "a lydy." Without waiting for a reply, "the lydy" entered, a ragged, bedraggled and splashed creature, with a few-months-old child wrapped in a wet shawl in her arms. We murmured discontentedly; it was too bad to be imposed upon like this. "How many do they expect a 'bus to hold?" asked one. "It ought not to be allowed," said another. "It isn't allowed," volunteered a third. "I'll write to the papers," said number four. We did not move. Not we. We had paid for our seats, and we kept them. We should have presented an unbroken front if it had not been for that Bounder.

"Here y'are, mother. Come and sit here," he said, much to the disgust of Spats and Consumptive. "It ain't fit for the little 'un outside. I'll go on top."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the woman. "I hope you won't get very wet."

"Oh, I shan't hurt," said the Bounder. "I've got a good overcoat."

"And a good 'eart, too, my lad," responded the woman.

"Thank you, mother. Good-night!"

He got to the door, and then turned round again.

"But, I say, mother, you take my tip. Don't you talk, or they'll jump down your bloomin' throat."

Then he disappeared on top; and a minute later, during a lull in the beating rain, we heard his loud voice, in cheery salutation and good-fellowship to some unfortunate passenger above—

"Ain't 'arf a bloomin' soaker, is it? All right for ducks, though. Jolly rum lot inside!"

And inside we actually looked up and smiled at each other.

SERVANTS v. CROW.

Mr. Crow says he always thought well-conducted servants never answered back. However, quite a number of them have replied to him, and we think they have scored.

J. L. (Leicester) says he "cannot allow Mr. Jim Crow's ridiculous article to be flaunted before the public eye unheeded." He concludes that Crow has never paid "a respectable wage" or "visited a house were (*sic*) servants are kept, and *not* apologies." Also that Crow is unscrupulous and unprincipled." Finally, J. L. "would suggest that he staffs his establishment with Chinamen, and that the sooner they acquire that 'playful habit of stabbing you in the back' the better for the community at large."

W. D. R. (Hornsey Rise) writes: "In certain houses I go to day after day I have seen servants leave one after the other in the course of a month or so, and they have told me that they don't get enough food and are treated more like slaves than otherwise. The only time they're allowed to go out is when on errands or carting the mistress's kids about. I sincerely hope Jim Crow won't come in contact with any servants yet awhile."

"A British Slut" admits that there are a few servants who are "not quite perfection," but urges that Crow should not "lay the faults of a few of the less fortunate members of a great and respectable calling on the heads of all." He thinks Crow no gentleman.

T. G. G. (Glasgow) says servants "certainly are not representatives of the angel type of mortal." But he thinks their goodness depends on their wages. He has found servants "possessed of the highest traits of character and capable of discoursing intelligently on many subjects, both obscure and of widespread interest." And he suggests that Crow should "clean harness at some nobleman's stables."

E. H. B. (Norwood) admits that "all Crow says about servants is true," but he thinks it "exceedingly vulgar" to use such a word as slut, and he says "there are many things that servant girls should decline to do, such as looking after dogs and washing and painting doorsteps."

"A Reader of John Bull, who happens to be a servant" (Leeds), wants Crow to do his own work.

A. B. thinks picking and stealing, gossiping and eavesdropping are common in every walk of life. He asks very pertinently, "How could the fact that port wine is drunk by policemen be obtained unless by spying and eavesdropping?" And here are one or two points: "As to menials, I cannot comprehend what Mr. Crow means by these persons. I have never come across such people yet. If Mr. Crow can cook the best dinners ever eaten, why does he not set about teaching his poor menials? Go into hundreds of our little village churchyards, and see the many tombstones and tablets erected to the many valued servants who have lived and died in their master's employ."

R. G. (Chelsea) would like Mr. Crow to "think of the number of young servants decoyed from happy country homes and the companionship of their parents, by registry office keepers, and sent to live in underground kitchens and miserable garrets. Then when their health breaks down, as it often does, through long hours, there is no place for them but the Workhouse or the streets."

An anonymous correspondent asks why "Mr. Crow, who speaks so highly of Muhammadans and Chinamen, puts up with British sluts?"

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"THE TRAGEDY OF ELSIE SIGEL."

By F. A. Krieger.

Elsie Sigel was a splendid, handsome being, filled with the highest ideals, the noblest aims, and imbued with a sacred love of erring mortals; hoping, poor, fragile girl, to lift them from the noisome depths of crime, from the foul, clinging mud of sin to better, higher things. She was the truest-hearted girl that ever stirred the sluggish pulses of a soured world. It is such a woman that raises high our faith in ultimate humanity: a woman whom all mankind honours and tenderly reveres.

A more terrible thing than the human being who is a Chinaman and a criminal as well is all but impossible to conceive. The subtle intellect, the viciousness, the exquisite, incredible sensuality of these hell-born fiends, is incomparably more intense than in the Caucasian criminal. Description is baffled, language becomes powerless, and words lose their meaning. They are nightmares in the flesh, festering dregs of foulest scum—the despair of civilisation for all time.

She was sent to reform them, that is to say, to convert them to a religion less sincere than their own. It is all very funny, very farcical, though, of course, the cream of the joke lies in the fact that for this touching solicitude of the white man, for this service so gladly rendered to his saffron brethren, all the latter humbly asks—and gets—is the blood and honour of our women.

How the Orientals must have enjoyed the whole affair. But how annoyed they must feel, now that their illustrious countryman has given the game away—for the time being—by not using sufficient quicklime (possibly from motives of economy), and by carelessly leaving all those billets-doux, tied in sweetest baby-ribbon, in his humble little room. Such negligence should be sternly reprimanded, and justly so.

Fools.

A lump rises in the throat and everything turns red.

FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

With reference to the complaint of firms that they have not yet received the diplomas awarded to them last year, we are informed that the engraving of the plates has taken longer than was anticipated, and that no exhibition has ever actually delivered diplomas in a shorter period than that taken in the present case.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CITIZEN.

It is not surprising that the Special Committee appointed by the Law Society has condemned in vigorous language portions of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget proposals, and that the Council of the Society have, without hesitation, endorsed the findings of the Committee. The main point of objection to the Bill, as viewed by the Council, is withdrawal from all judicial control of the operation of the new methods of taxation, and the replacement by official decrees of the ordered justice of the King's Courts. The position taken up by the lawyers in this matter will, as we doubt not, be supported by citizens generally, and would, most probably, receive such support from the whole community outside the official hierarchy if only the facts could be brought home to the general knowledge. It has hitherto always been held by men of all parties that the security of the citizen demands a separation between the functions of the Executive and the Judiciary; but Mr. Lloyd George and his Chief, both of them lawyers, oddly enough, one a solicitor the other a barrister, treat this opinion with contempt. To them it seems right and proper that in matters of taxation the officers of the Executive shall be above the law, that they may employ all the powers of the Crown to enforce their administrative orders and regulations, and that the citizen should have no right of appeal. The Committee point out that in the first 21 clauses of the Bill there are no fewer than 34 cases in which provision is made for giving effect to the judgment or determination of the new Tax Commissioners without appeal to any judicial tribunal, and even where any appeal is allowed it is only to be an Official Referee, who will be a nominee of the Treasury, so if the Government are to have their way, the Crown Officers will, in effect, be the final judges in their own cause.

The Lord Chief Justice Speaks Out.

Speaking at the Mansion House a few days ago, the Lord Chief Justice of England gave expression to the general uneasiness caused amongst lawyers by the revolutionary proposals of the Government. Lord Alverstone hoped that "the time would never come when it would be considered that the Executive Government was to be its own interpreter of Acts of Parliament." But if the Budget proposals of Mr. Lloyd George are accepted by Parliament, that time will already have arrived. Thus the right to appeal in respect of Death Duties given by the Finance Act of 1894 will be abolished if Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith have their way. All cases in which the Crown claims may be fairly challenged—and in the past they have frequently been challenged with success—are in future to be ruled out of court. On one occasion Mr. Lloyd George declared it to be one of his objects to "eliminate the lawyer." Now it seems he is to eliminate everything for which the lawyer stands—the law as the embodiment of justice itself. These Budget proposals are not the first occasion upon which the present Government have sought to override the law of the land and to imperil the rights of the citizen by placing him at the mercy of Government officials. In the Irish Land Bill we see the same vicious principle adopted. Not content with asking Parliament to sanction compulsory purchase, the Government propose to refuse the landowner the right to appeal to the courts. Hitherto, when for the purposes of the State the owner of land has been required to sell, it has been upon conditions which insured him against injustice. If the terms offered him by the State were held by him to be unfair, he had the right to go before a competent and impartial legal tribunal; but now all that is to be altered if the Government are to have their way. Soon, unless Parliament refuses to sanction the principle—if that is the proper word for it—we shall find the present Government limiting our rights in other directions until in a few years we shall be bound hand and foot—all of us with anything to lose—left to the tender mercies of Government officials. For our own part, we have no more liking for tyranny when it is the tyranny of the official than we have for the tyranny of a king. We, in this country have put an end to the one; we shall do well to see that the other is not permitted.

WINDING-UP COSTS.

A correspondent sends us the statement of the winding-up of an estate in bankruptcy, of which he happened to be a creditor. We note that the total realisation was £325 12s. 8d., and after the receiver, trustee and others had nibbled at the amount, there was £43 3s. 7d. for distribution. Our correspondent thinks the costs of realisation excessive, but instead of sympathising with him, we must congratulate him on the fact that the creditors got £43 3s. 7d., instead of being brought actually in debt to receiver and trustee.

IN RESTRAINT OF TRADE.

One of the shortest Bills of the present Session is a Bill to render null and void certain provisions in shop assistants agreements. The substance of the Bill is to be found in the following clause:—

> Any agreement whereby a person employed in a shop shall be restrained after the termination of such employment from being engaged as servant, assistant, manager or traveller, wholesale or retail, in any trade or business either directly or indirectly, shall be null and void in so far as the same imposes or purports to impose such restraint and not otherwise.

The Bill aims at dealing with a state of things productive of much hardship, but its provisions are too wide. What do business readers say to it?

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Receipt Stamp Duty.—Malcolm.—Any document purporting to be a receipt for money or for its equivalent, such as a cheque, is liable to stamp duty if the value is 40s. or more. Your document is liable.

Legacy Payments.—A. J. (Fulham).—The executors are entitled to take a reasonable time to balance up the estate, but, if they delay, they can be held liable to the Court, especially as they are solicitors. We are surprised at what you say about the solicitors, being themselves executors, offering loans at interest, and at the same time postponing payment. If there is more delay, write to the Editor, giving full particulars, so that he may draw attention to the matter in Parliament.

Liability for Gas.—C. R. (Newport).—If the facts are as you state them, we do not think you are liable to the company for the £1 1s. 11d., but, before contesting the claim, we should put the whole of the facts before a solicitor.

Claim upon Estate.—S. T.—You would be an unsecured creditor simply.

Liquidation of Company.—R. M. (Forest Gate).—If the company went into liquidation, you would rank only with the unsecured creditors.

Second Mortgage.—J. T. (Sunderland).—Yes, you should inform the first mortgagee.

Claim for Notice.—Septimus (Liverpool).—The manner in which you are paid does not affect the length of notice to which you are entitled.

Provident Bank of Scotland, Limited.—Nomad (Glasgow).—We do not see that you have very much to complain about. Your friend borrowed £6 6s., and made himself liable for £7; the loan was to be repaid in 20 weeks, your friend failed to pay the instalments as they became due, and the lenders called upon his guarantors, who had to pay up. Where is the injustice? We return your papers.

Motor Traffic.—J. W. G. (Killin).—As the law gives Justices full discretion as to fines, you have no remedy. You should not have surrendered.

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OUR CAMPAIGN FOR 1909.

INTERVIEW WITH A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN MAGNATE.

We dare say we are experts in Yankees (American Railways) and that we know everything about them that can be known. We dare say that we understand the entire Wall Street System better than any one of our competitors, and very often have an occasion to feel that in 3 months we could bring you further than you can get yourself in 3 years.

Nowadays almost everybody has a friend who is a dealer or broker in Stocks and Shares, so we cannot expect that you should give us the preference, unless we actually prove to you that we are often sooner and better informed than other firms. In the end the public will transact their business where the best profits are to be gained and the best conditions to be obtained.

We shall prove to you that our advices are valuable.

A Trust in Missouris: It is our intention to possess in 1909 the largest amount of clients that ever a stockbroker or dealer could boast of, and we will realise this fact through our **Missouri Trust.** We will force you to a certain degree, at least once, to give us an order and to form your own opinion about our method of dealing and the capacities of our correspondent.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

"Don't be a Bear on America," J. Pierpont Morgan said. "That man who is, goes broke."

Whether or not you have ever dealt in American Railroads, we proclaim this fact: Send us at once the applicaiton form attached below and learn from your own experience whether our advices and methods are valuable.

OUR PROPOSITION.

A Trust in Missouris (For every Thousand Dollars you must send £2—and the estimated profit is £45—in 3 months.)

Condition 1st. All Missouri shares are opened at the London closing price of Saturday, the 10th of July, which quotations are controlled by almost every English paper (Globe, Daily Telegraph, Financial News, Financial Times, &c., &c.). Suppose the closing price in London should be 42½—42⅝, then is the buying price 42⅝ nett, which means naturally without you paying any further commission or other expenses. If you sell or buy according to tape prices and yet have to pay commission you are paying too much.

A Daily Newspaper, from which you are able to ascertain these prices exactly, is sent you free of charge with every order.

2nd. All transactions will be closed the same date at London closing price, i.e., three months after the Trust opens, i.e., Monday, October 11th, 1909, and all profits, without any limit, will be returned with the two pounds of your investment.

3rd. If on Monday, October 11th, 1909, there would have been no profit made, the transaction **will be kept open for the next 3 months,** i.e., Monday, January 10th, 1910, **without any further margin.** We hope it is now quite clear to you that the worst that can happen, is that the closing quotation in London on January 10th, 1910, is 1 per cent. or more under the quotation of July 10th, 1909, and then, and only then, would your loss be £2, and under no circumstances more than two pounds.

4th. Every buyer receives a stamped contract informing the purchaser that if necessary we keep the account open for 6 months, and that the entire responsibility of the buyer is limited to the £2 invested.

OUR CORRESPONDENT PREDICTS:

A boom in Yankees in 1909, and quotations for the different shares never surpassed. Please keep in mind that the same correspondent, after an interview with one of the best-known American financiers, has sent to our clients, on December 11th, 1908, the following telegram: "Advise immediate purchase Chesapeake Common. Do not delay until after Christmas, but follow our advice at once and you will continue to deal with us. Margin returned with profit; inside information in hand." Chesapeake were at that time 58½ and are now 78½, so those who have followed our advice will not have forgotten this.

We are convinced that through our Missouri Trust we will enlist and retain you as one of our clients.

On Saturday, July 10th, the Subscription will be closed. If you wish to become a participant in the trust please send by return post the attached application form, with the name and address and the amount of Two Pounds to the following address:—

GERSON HAMSON & CO., Limited, Norfolk House, Laurence Pountney Hill, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

CHAT ON 'CHANGE.

This book, compiled by a leading financial expert, will be sent gratis and post free to every one subscribing in the Missouri Trust.

It is a complete handbook and guide for the use of those who wish to study the various methods of Stock Exchange operations.

A careful perusal of these pages will enable the reader to thoroughly grasp the different methods in which to open an account.

Being written in plain and easy language, it can be readily understood by everybody.

USE THIS FORM. J.B.

I buy thousand dollars Missouri, Kansas and Texas Common Shares on the conditions as mentioned in your advertisement, for which I enclose £2, with the understanding that my entire risk is limited to this amount.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If you will invest to a larger amount, please make the form out accordingly. For instance: If you wish to make out the form for 5,000 dols., you must remit £10. You can also REMIT BY POSTAL ORDER OR CHEQUE.

MORE of these forms can be obtained by application to our offices or by writing.

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Professor Lupton, M.P., House of Commons.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—I am desired by a large number of members of Parliament present during the discussion on Clause 2 of the Finance Bill, to apologise to you for having carried on the debate while you were wrapped in the infinite felicities of audible somnolence. If you had given Joynson Hicks notice that you desired to sleep and snore, I feel sure that he would have either postponed his speech or had a bed-chair put up for you in the smoking room. Though it was certainly very unfortunate that things turned out as they did, I am requested to say that members of the House were delighted to know that you were not in the least disturbed in the fullest enjoyment of your beatitude. At the same time, I am to add the request that, should it seem desirable for you to sleep again in the House without giving notice of your intention so to do, you will be good enough not to make so much noise about it.

I think I am correct in saying, as a matter of historic precedent, that a deeper and vaster and louder sleep has never within living memory fallen on a British legislator while watching the interests of the Nation and the Empire. I have no information as to your practice in the sacred chamber of your home, but I am authorised to inform you that in the House you sleep with the resounding vociferousness of a foghorn. So much so, indeed, that the member for Winston Churchill's late constituency could not hear himself talk. At first he thought that a sudden fog had descended in the Channel and that the commanders of the Fleet were blowing at each other all at once. Dismissing that supposition, he concluded that the Government was letting loose a whole herd of bulls upon him; and he moved to report progress till the animals had been withdrawn from the precincts. MacVeigh, he of South Down, tried to shake you up, without avail; and Mac will tell you that if you had slept like that in Ireland you would have been suppressed as a disorderly meeting calculated to disturb the peace.

How you ever managed to wake up nobody knows, but you did it at last, opening your eyes and ears to a rousing "welcome home" from an enraptured House. I feel, my dear Professor, that a man who can sleep as you do has a beautiful and innocent conscience. But I congratulate you on a narrow escape. Had you remained in the arms of Morpheus ten minutes longer, a terrible tragedy would have been enacted. A medical M.P. *was about to vaccinate you!*

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Alice Cole, Ezra Street, Bethnal Green.

MADAME,—I have often wondered whether the rich help the poor as much as the poor help each other. There is, I think, something of "the true pathos and sublime of human life" in what you did for that poor creature who was a lodger of yours for many months. It was at the inquest on her body that the Coroner asked you whether she owed you anything. "Good gracious, yes," you said; "I really forget when she paid me last; it must have been months ago. You see, she sometimes earned only 3½d. in a week, and she had two babies to keep. She has been paid a penny for cleaning two lots of windows, and that took her hours. You see, I work myself, and could sympathise with her; so if she came home and had nothing for the children I asked her and them to have something with me."

I should spoil that simple human document, dear lady, if I added many words to it. *How* poor you are, I know not, but there is a sort of poverty that is riches, and these you have in your heart abundantly. The Coroner described your charity as "amazing." Amazing or not, it shows how good, how great a thing the humblest life may be made.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Kipling House, Ichabod.

DEAR RUD,—Don't be afraid. This is just a line to say that I am not going to review your latest poem on the downfall of England and all that therein is; but I note that a scribe alleges that you "have a message to deliver," and you "may not hold your peace." I beg to say that you may. Take my advice, old man. Go to a Home of Rest.

JOHN BULL.

To the Editor of the "Fulham Chronicle," Fulham.

BELOVED CONFRERE,—Is it well with thee? In case it is, I shall be highly gratified if you will enlighten my understanding on a matter which for a whole week has robbed me of peace by day and sleep by night. The fact is, I am seized with fear that an alarming injustice has been done to somebody in your district.

Some days ago I read in your paper an account of a gorgeous coster funeral at Fulham, and, between ourselves, I am alarmed lest the wrong party has been buried. First of all, you say the funeral which "attracted so much attention" was that of "the wife of a well-known Fulham coster." Then you add that "Immediately following the hearse, which was covered with 23 handsome wreaths, were eleven women in shawls and aprons. In the coaches were the widow, the three children, and other relatives." In these circumstances, it will ease my mind a great deal if you will kindly tell me who was buried. Taking your last statement first, that the widow was in one of the coaches with her relatives and children, who was in the hearse? Taking your first statement last, that the funeral was that of the wife, it is a fair assumption that she was dead at the time, so how did she get into the coach? You see the reason of my mental anxieties and perplexities? But this does not end them. If the widow was in the coach the wife couldn't have been in the hearse, and the funeral could not have been that of either of them, for neither of them can have been dead. Wherefore, if neither of them was dead, whose funeral was it? JOHN BULL.

To Lady Wyllie, 10, Onslow Square, S.W.

DEAR LADY WYLLIE,—At this time of poignant tragedy for you I know it is difficult to say even a word of sympathy which will not seem like an intrusion on your grief, while to talk of consolation would be almost to mock it. Sorrow, it is true, is still "the only friend which Grief can call its own." I write only to assure you that in the opinion of everyone who is aware of the work of your late husband in India, and for India, work often difficult but always conscientious and devoted, the fanatical Indian assassin who shot him down at the Imperial Institute has ill-served his native land, and ill-served the Indian people. One begins to wonder whether the Red Hand in Bengal has begun to transfer the instruments of its political vengeance to London, with the object of terrorising Indian officials at the heart of the British Empire, or whether the doctrine of Mr. Krishnavarma, owner of the "Hostel" for Indian students in Highgate, that political assassination is not murder, has borne fruit in this latest infamous atrocity. Certain it is that while you mourn, the students of "India House" rejoice, and that while you weep, they laugh.

If Sir William Wyllie had been one of the despots and tyrants of Russia he could not have been marked out for a ghastlier vengeance. We have to do with Nihilists nursed in the cradle of our civilisation and educated in the knowledge and culture of our universities, and these men instil their gospel of terrorism by murder into the minds of boys made fanatic by fervent appeals to their patriotism. I trust, madame, sooner or later, to find the antidote to this insidious poison in the strength, and wisdom, and justice of my councillors. Meanwhile you mourn your dead, and all the people are with you in the sanctuary of your sorrow.

JOHN BULL.

Mining Royalty Owners, Tipton, South Staffs.

Hear that as result Eight Hours Act you have withdrawn from colliers usual allowance quart ale a day. Surely this all froth? BULL.

Captain, English Cricket Team.

Can't you give us better show for our money? For goodness' sake, buck up.

Lord Charles Beresford.

Glad welcome you at last among prophets. Your sound remarks about scaremongers as welcome as unexpected. Continue in your present path, and you may yet take high place in political life. BULL.

Daniel Jones, Lecturer on Phonetics, University College.

Seriously doubt educated contemporaries of Shakespeare talked like modern Cockneys. What is authority for thinking they pronounced chamber-maid "chimber-mide"? Know of no spelling or rhyme to justify idea. Were you pulling our legs? BULL.

"NO NEED FOR HYSTERIA."

BOATMAN BERESFORD (to John Bull): "No, sir, she ain't fit to be out in a sea like this—but don't you get in a panic."

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the CITY EDITOR, *67, Long Acre, W.C.*

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue of JOHN BULL *must be received not later than Friday.*

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information concerning their Companies which may be of public interest.

DE DION-BOUTON MOTOR CAB COMPANY.

We hear excellent accounts of the progress of this Company, which is about to put a first supply of fifty model taxicabs upon the roads. We understand it is the intention of the directors to achieve "the last word" in taxicabs—in fact, they intend to create a record in luxurious fitments, the cabs being sumptuously upholstered, of landaulette type, capable of seating four persons, and specially fitted to carry large luggage—the latter being a very desirable innovation. The drivers will wear a distinctive uniform, to match the colour-combination of the cabs—which will be fitted with meter, mirror, smokers' requisites, and a new system of signalling to the driver, without the necessity of a speaking-tube.

When it is remembered that London and its suburbs comprise seven million inhabitants, and that out of 11,500 licensed vehicles there are at present only 2,500 motors on the road, it will be seen that there is ample room for the operations of the Company. The report of the Committee of the London County Council on Street Traffic states: "The taxicab is making the horse service impossible, and there is room for at least 5,000 taxicabs." The first fifty "Dion-Boutons" (as they will be called) are due within the next few weeks, and further regular deliveries will follow until the Company has 500 at work.

THE WILKINSON SWORD COMPANY.

In a recent issue we mentioned what a correspondent said about the principal director and leading officials of the Company being Germans. It may be interesting to give the facts that bear upon the constitution of the Company. Of the share capital of £75,000, £52,100 is held by the following gentlemen, whose nationality and holdings are as below:—

Herman Kirschbaum, 5A, Latham Terrace, Bedford Park, £2,150.
Robert Kirschbaum, 32, Werderstrasse, Cologne, £16,983.
Rudolf Kirschbaum, 22, Mainzerstrasse, Wiesbaden, £15,983.
Helene Kirschbaum, 46, Rhein Strasse, Wiesbaden, £5,662.
Paul R. Kirschbaum, Solingen, Germany, £5,661.
Helene Marie Heuser, Solingen, Germany, £5,661.

Of the remaining £22,900, 20,400 shares are held by the executors of the late Henry and Francis Latham, and 2,500 shares by other parties. So that close upon 75 per cent. is in the hands of the principals and relations of the foremost and largest sword factory in Germany, the firm of Meyers Berg Kirschbaum and Co., Solingen. No very great exception could be taken to this were it not for the fact that the Wilkinson Sword Company, Ltd., pose as a purely British concern, claiming to be "in close touch with the officers of our Army and Navy, a firm prominent in the crusade against the 'foreign' article."

THE WELSH INSURANCE CORPORATION.

We have received the following letter from the General Manager of this Company:—

> My attention has been called to the two references to this Corporation contained in your issues of June 19th and 26th. In the former, your City Editor states that he "thinks the recently formed Welsh Insurance Company has good prospects of a prosperous career," and in the latter you publish a letter from one whom you style "an expert" endeavouring to show that your City Editor's views are unfounded. As the letter in question is calculated to do the Corporation damage if allowed to pass without comment, I am sure you will permit me to put the "facts" before your readers.
>
> In the first place, I would point out that for the last three years, I have occupied the position of Agency Manager to the Canada Life Assurance Co., and as such had the control of this Company's extensive organisation throughout the United Kingdom, which position was one of no mean importance, although, personally, I have yet to learn that the position of "canvasser" is of the unimportant order that your correspondent seems to indicate.
>
> Where he does me an injustice, and in doing so he reflects upon the good judgment of the directors, is that he omits to state that (as is the practice of well-conducted Insurance Companies) the services of managers have been secured for the chief departments, and in Mr. Schiele (22 years in the Fire Department of the Royal) and Mr. Frank B. Cooke (8 years London Manager of the National of Great Britain) as Joint Fire Managers, and in Mr. W. A. Howells (13 years with the Employers' Liability Insurance Corporation and 6 years with the Law Accident) as Accident Manager, I think the Corporation possesses chief officers with the necessary technical knowledge, and in whom any directors should have confidence. It cannot be denied that an experienced organiser is just as necessary to the establishment of a successful insurance business as are the expert men to handle it, and I have yet to learn of any man who combines the experience and ability to conduct all departments himself.
>
> Your correspondent does the directors an absolute injustice in stating that the only business they can influence is that which profit-earning offices would avoid, and what grounds he has for making such an assertion I am at a loss to understand, as it displays lamentable ignorance."
>
> His further remarks with regard to high commission and rate-cutting are equally inaccurate, and it is difficult indeed to conceive what possible object he can have in penning so vindictive a letter containing such unfounded assertions, unless it be that he is one of those gentlemen who have been disappointed in securing a position, or feels our strength in competition. Every new concern expects to receive criticism, but such criticism might at least be fair.
>
> It is the intention of the directors to pursue a slow, cautious policy, and thus justify the confidence which apparently better-informed investors and insurers have placed in them.
>
> I trust my remarks will prove to your City Editor that he was justified in giving this Corporation favourable comment.

We have also received the following letter on the same subject from an Addiscombe correspondent:—

> Assuming the suggestions as to the Manager and Secretary being true, their inexperience in the particular classes of business transacted, although, doubtless, a disadvantage, may not by any means be harmful to the Company. The gentlemen concerned are possibly qualified for their positions in a larger sense, *i.e.*, they may have great organising capabilities, and are specially endowed with the faculty of selecting expert men to manage the various departments, etc.
>
> These qualifications are, to my mind, quite as necessary as a detailed knowledge of the departments of the business. As your correspondent is an expert, he will be aware that the same criticisms might be levelled at a large number of Fire and Accident Insurance managers, and particularly to the manager of one of the largest recently established non-tariff offices.

VAAL RIVER GOLDFIELDS.

As many of our readers are interested in this Company, we may mention that the property comprises 2,000 acres, and that the ore recently treated produced 7 dwts. of gold per ton without the slimes, and that the machinery erected has cost £150,000; whilst working expenses have been considerably reduced. There are rumours that an offer has been made for the whole of the property by some of the leading financial houses. In all the circumstances the present price of 2s. 6d. for the 5s. share would appear to be fully justified and to represent a promising speculative investment.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

WORKING OF PATENT.—H. H. (Hackney Road).—We will look into the matter.

TWO SOCIETIES.—F. C. (Newington).—Both are quite safe.

THREE MINING SHARES.—B. W. W. (Tunbridge).—We should hold all three for the present. We do not much care for the others you name.

THE SAVINGS INVESTMENT AND BANKING CORPORATION.—J. H. (Liverpool).—We fear not.

THREE SHARES.—NEW READER (London).—We like none of them, least of all No. 2.

TRANSACTION ON STOCK EXCHANGE.—G. G. (Wimbledon).—We have no reason to suppose your Brokers have misled you. There is often considerable and unavoidable delay in the forwarding of certificates.

RECOVERY OF MONIES.—R. J. B. (Middlesboro').—There are firms who do this class of business, but we do not recommend them.

BIRKBECK BANK.—R. W. H. (W. Ealing).—(1) Yes, quite safe. (2) The Lord only knows where Consols will get to if the present Government remains in office much longer. (3) We do not think there is much to be got from a purchase of the railway shares you mention just now.

RECOMMENDATION OF BROKER.—T. R. (Leicester).—We regret that we cannot help you. We never recommend Brokers.

DUNCAN, MACDONALD AND CO.—W. J. S. (London).—We are enquiring into the constitution and methods of this firm. Our present information is that it is an alias for a well-known moneylender's "runner," a Flushing bookmaker, and a young colliery proprietor prominent in racing circles.

FRANK BOON.—E. W. (King's Cross).—We are obliged to you for the information respecting this man, who, we notice, is now trading under the name of Frank Edwards and Co.

E. A. SMITH AND COMPANY.—L. P. B. (Cupar).—How do they arrive at the £3 13s. 6d.? Let us see the correspondence and accounts.

TWO SHARES.—YORKSHIRE (Selby).—We should be disposed to hold both for the present.

SOUTH AFRICAN COPPER TRUST.—SOLLIHULL (Birmingham).—It would be a very speculative purchase.

SKATING RINK SHARES.—W. W. (Sheffield).—We think them unsuitable.

KEY GLASS COMPANY.—AN ADMIRER (New Cross).—We have no information.

GENERAL TRADERS' PROTECTION SOCIETY.—STARCHY (Flint).—We have not heard anything against them, and they appear to have been established for close upon a quarter of a century.

THE VIGILANT INVESTMENT REGISTRY, LIMITED.—LONDON.—We have your letter with its enclosure, both of which are noted.

RAJAWELLA PRODUCE COMPANY.—H. J. W. (Harlesden).—We do not advise you to take advantage of Mr. Hoyle's obliging offer.

CONVERSION OF BUSINESS.—E. W. (Bethnal Green).—It would have to be done through a solicitor.

SALVATION ARMY INVESTMENTS.—CAR (Southampton).—We should prefer another selection.

HONOR TRUST, LIMITED.—C. C. (Sheffield).—It is not a venture we can recommend you to invest money in.

LLOYD EYLINGER AND COMPANY.—S. B. (Manchester).—We advise you not to listen to the nonsense talked by these people about Servian Red Cross Bonds. They are amongst the least desirable of Premium Bonds.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—E. W. O. (Trinity Square).—We have gone very carefully into the papers which you left with us in support of your charge that you have been swindled by the National Share Exchange. You say that, although they had more than sufficient money in their hands to cover the balance of a fortnightly account due by you, they closed it without your instructions, and, although you have since received monies due to you up to a particular date, you have not received others which would have represented profit upon your transactions if the company had not improperly closed your account. With regard to this part of your complaint, we do not think it is clear that the company were not justified in closing your account upon failure to pay the debit balance due by you on the fortnightly account, but you go on to make a very serious complaint, namely, that when you wished to test the matter in a court of law your solicitors went to the Exchange to ask them to undertake not to plead the Gaming Act, and they refused. Their refusal is borne out by a statement in one of their letters to your solicitor, in which they hint at pleading the Act. The statement is as follows, and is to be found in a letter, dated May 20th, to Messrs. Herbert Smith and Co., of 62, London Wall, who were acting for you: "We rendered his account, showing a difference of £3 5s. 2d. due from him. This amount he ignored, and consequently, by doing so, he broke his arrangement with us, which arrangement, we may mention, was by way of wagering and gaming." And in a further letter, dated May 25th, to Messrs. Herbert Smith and Co. they write: "Of course, being strictly in the right, we shall avail ourselves of any defence that is open to us and will save us any expense and trouble." It is clear from these quotations from their letters that, had you proceeded at the time, the Exchange would have pleaded the Gaming Act. Upon this being made clear to us, we interviewed the National Share Exchange, and invited them to explain why they refused to fight the case upon its merits, and their reply was that they had constantly to fight actions that had no substance in them, that these actions, from their nature, involved considerable expense, and that oftener than not, when they had won the verdict, they could not recover their costs, consequently they shelter themselves under the Gaming Act, which saves them expense. We did not consider this explanation a satisfactory one, and we suggested that in your case they should undertake not to plead the Gaming Act, but to fight the case on its merits if you would put up £100, to be held by an independent person, and to be used in payment of their costs if they should win. This proposal seemed to us fair, and we said so in submitting it to you, but you replied that you are not disposed to reopen the matter. In these circumstances, we are unable to assume that you are correct in your contention that the account was improperly closed.

J. D. (Glasgow).—You want to know how we reconcile our statement on page 775—a statement we frequently make—to the effect that "we never recommend outside brokers," with our recommendation of the National Share Exchange. If you refer to our one reference to that firm other than what appears in this issue, you will find that we expressed an opinion as to "the unwisdom of the ordinary outsider risking his money in Stock Exchange gambling." We added, because we believed it to be true, that: "If you deal with this firm we think you will get a fair run for your money." Where is the inconsistency here? Men will gamble on the Stock Exchange, and through outside brokers, notwithstanding all our preaching, and the efforts of other preachers, and, that being so, the best service to them is to recommend them to those who, in our opinion, will treat them fairly, and, in the very improbable event of their winning a paper profit, turn it into a reality by a cheque that will be met by the bank upon which it is drawn.

FARROW'S BANK.—W. D. (Cheltenham).—In the circumstances, we should prefer another selection. We will look into the book you send us, and say a word upon it in our next issue.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—CIVIC (Liverpool).—These people have been carrying on business for many years, and appear to be good enough to pay if they lose. The difficulty, however, is that you may be faced by the plea of the Gaming Act, to which, so far as we can see, you would have no answer. W. H. (Northfield).—Do not be influenced by the pamphlet. W. B. H. (Stoke Newington).—We cannot advise dealings. W. H. C. (Clapham Junction).—Have nothing to do with these people. G. S. (East Mains).—You must take what they say with a considerable pinch of salt. G. D. (Cardiff).—See previous answers.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERIES.—G. A. W. (Hackney).—They are genuine enough, but we strongly advise you not to put money into them. B. H. W. (Crouch End).—See previous answer. C. H. M. (Stockwell).—Ditto.

RUBBER EXPLORATIONS.—J. T. B. (Antrim).—We think they are a good purchase. R. D. S. (Glasgow).—We have nothing to add to what has appeared with respect to this company.

THE BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.—G. P. B. (Regent's Park).—They are one and the same. See what we say on the subject in our last week's issue. B. W. (Belmont).—We think you should hold. R. L. (West Kensington).—Quite safe.

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER.—FIFE (Cowdenbeath).—We should await the result of some of the pending actions. H. A. D. (Dublin).—We think you have good cause for action, but, as there are several pending, we suggest that you should await until some of them have been settled. J. T. C. (Alloa).—Your letter is noted. See previous answers.

EQUITABLE EXCHANGE.—S. S. (Penarth).—Your letter is noted. F. B.—We are much obliged by your letter. C. L. (London).—Ditto.

HEARTS OF OAK BENEFIT SOCIETY.—T. J. (London).—Perhaps it would be better for a little new blood.

SOUTH WALES EQUITABLE MONEY SOCIETY.—J. H. (Pontypridd).—We have no information.

FOREIGN LOTTERIES.—J. H. H. (Cardiff).—We regret that we are unable to give you the information you ask for.

WALDORF HOTEL SHARES.—A. J. M. (Salisbury).—All the receipt you send us shows is that your brother-in-law paid £5 to the International Securities Corporation for four shares in the Waldorf Hotel Company. There is, however, a statement in the letter of the company to you, of 21st July, referring to a certified transfer, which you appear to have returned to the company on the 27th ult. You should write to the secretary of the company, and see if your name is on the register. We return your papers.

LOAN OF £15.—C. F. (Ariel Road).—We regret we can be of no assistance to you.

RAND ROODEPOORT GOLD MINING COMPANY.—W. N. (Northwich).—You should apply to the secretary, who is the only person who can give you authoritative information on the point.

J. C. AND J. FIELD.—CONSTANT READER (Nottingham).—It is a good old business, but we should be inclined to make a different selection.

WESTBOURNE PARK BUILDING SOCIETY.—N. R. J. (Hyde Park).—We believe it is a very sound society.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION.—T. H. B. (Woodthorpe).—We cannot recommend it. W. J. H. (Truro).—Ditto.

WHITELEY'S ORDINARY.—CONSTANT READER (Chiswick).—There was no sound reason that we could see for the premium, and the market has discovered it.

JOHN TALBOT AND COMPANY, LIMITED.—F. B. (Brighton).—The estimates of profits are, of course, all moonshine.

STOCK EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS.—J. O. A. (Shadwell Heath).—We strongly advise you not to dabble in Stock Exchange matters.

TICEHURST DISTRICT WATER AND GAS COMPANY.—T. Q. (Sheffield).—Very little.

ARGENTINE GREAT WESTERN STOCK.—TRUSER (Pontypridd).—In your position, we should prefer another selection.

SUNDRY SHARES.—E. R. (Camden Street).—What do you want to know?

BARRATT AND COMPANY.—M. C. (Worthing).—We have no information respecting this confectionery business.

INVESTMENT OF £2,000.—ADMIRER (Gloucester).—You have forgotten to send us your name and address.

SALE OF COLLIERY.—MINES (West Glamorgan).—We will look into the matter, and write you under cover.

DEBENTURE INVESTMENT TRUST.—A. F. (Lambeth).—The answer is in the negative.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

THE BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. T. (Liverpool).—The report to which you refer is misleading. The position is as follows:—It is impossible for the London, Edinburgh and Glasgow, or any other industrial office, to take over the business of the Progressive (1) because there is a prior agreement between the National Standard and Progressive, which can only be broken with the consent of the former, which will not consent; (2) because all the old Progressive staff have accepted office under contracts with the National Standard, and the industrial policyholders have elected to transfer their business to that company, which is at present in possession of the industrial business, and is not likely to part with it. With regard to the ordinary branch policies that were originally on the Natural premium plan, the National Standard have agreed to allow that portion of the business to go to the Legal and General, although the majority of the policyholders have signed acceptances with the National Standard and had made requests to transfer their policies. There were a certain number who were seeking a company of older standing for their policies, which are of large amounts, and out of respect to their wishes and the fact that the National Standard were not anxious to hold that particular branch of the business, where the average age is approximately 60 years at the present time, the Standard readily consented to a proposal to make a deal with the Legal and General with respect to that particular branch of the business. A triple agreement is being prepared as between the three companies.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—W. J. T. (Cardiff).—We have looked into your case, and should advise you to write direct to the secretary, and, if you can arrange for an exchange to the Ideal policy endowment tables, the amount of the assurance being payable at age 50, you will be placed on a satisfactory footing.

NATIONAL FREE HOMES ASSOCIATION.—J. S. (Walsall).—We know nothing to its discredit. BRUM (Birmingham).—We see nothing for it but to pay the call, unless you sell the shares, which is not an easy matter.

NORTHERN EQUITABLE INSURANCE COMPANY.—P. D. (London).—It is a very young company, less than a year old.

MANUFACTURERS' LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—C. P. C. (Harpenden).—We see no reason why you should not take out a Pension Bond policy with this company. It is a sound and progressive one.

BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.—J. W. (South Hackney).—We can quite understand your anxiety, but the papers you enclose, which are, of course, official, give a complete explanation of the position, and we do not think we can usefully add anything to what they tell you.

INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—J. N. (Canning Town).—We do not understand why you do not go to arbitration. We return your papers.

AUSTRALIA MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY.—DOUBTFUL (Fulham).—The business of the company is confined to Australia and the United Kingdom, and no unhealthy climatic risks are taken. The society is of high standing, and its success may be attributed to: (1) economical management; (2) profitable, combined with cautious, investment of funds; (3) careful selection of lives, resulting in a low death rate. The society during the last three years has realised an average of no less than £4 9s. 7d. per cent., thus exceeding its valuation basis by nearly £1 10s. per cent. per annum—a larger margin than is generally allowed by the English offices.

GENERAL ACCIDENT, FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—J. S. (Llanrwst).—It is an excellent office.

THREE INSURANCE COMPANIES.—BEPPO (Liverpool).—All three are quite safe.

PROGRESSIVE INSURANCE COMPANY.—D. A. E. (Manchester).—Yes, for the present, at any rate.

NATIONAL GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—P. M. (Southampton).—We think not.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA INSURANCE SHARES.—ILFRACOMBE (Gainsborough).—We think them a good purchase.

UNITED LONDON AND SCOTTISH INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. J. (Dumfries).—This company was established in 1907 with an authorised capital of £300,000, of which £125,000 has been subscribed and £25,000 paid up. It is a non-tariff office, doing fire general accident, sickness, burglary, fidelity, plate glass, motor-car, and so-on business.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.—J. T. F. (Weybridge).—We have your letter, and will consider its suggestion. W. B. T. (Chancery Lane).—We are much obliged by your offer, and note that you have had the "pleasure of putting (us) right." One lives and learns.

TRAFALGAR INSURANCE COMPANY.—MEDICAL (Waterloo Road).—(1) Only very recently. (2) We think so.

THE ISLANDS INSURANCE COMPANY.—HARD LINES (Blyth).—The company is in liquidation, but, if the facts are as you state them, you should have ground for action against the person who gave you the guarantee.

DISCONTINUANCE OF POLICY.—TROUBLED (Glasgow).—The company would offer you a certain sum, but, apart from them, you would find it very difficult to get much.

GENERAL ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—W. C. (Bristol).—Yes, a sound office.

ENDOWMENT POLICY.—WELSHMAN (Llanelly).—It is a well-managed association, and, though we should prefer another insurance company for your purpose, we are sure you will be well treated by the one you name.

GENERAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE CORPORATION.—G. P. (Manchester).—We know of no good reason why you should surrender your policy. You may put aside the rumour to which you refer as entirely without foundation.

PROFITS AND INCOME INSURANCE COMPANY.—MANAGER (Fleet Street).—We are much obliged to you.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—W. W. (Bristol).—Both are of good standing. The Car and General is one of the few that have touched unemployment.

INTERNATIONAL INSURANCE CO.—J. H. (Liverpool).—Yes.

THE NEW INSPECTOR OF MINES.

Perhaps some of our readers may be able to enlighten us upon the points raised in this letter :—

I am informed that Mr. Redmayne has been appointed Chief Inspector of Mines, and I am desirous of learning what are his qualifications for such post, and why the present Senior Inspector of Mines, or some other of the Inspectors now acting under the Mines Inspection Act, have been passed over by the appointment of Mr. Redmayne.

THE LAND IN WHICH I TRUST.

By Guillaume Park.

A citizen of U.S.A.
I am; there all is just,
The law is reckoned pure and free
Because "In God we trust."

I wear the best of shoddy clothes—
It is because I must;
There's nought for me but nakedness
Outside the Clothing Trust.

I tramp around in paper boots
That let in rain or dust;
Pneumonia, rheumatics sore
Come from the Leather Trust.

My razor poisons all my blood
With blade of nickelled rust;
'Tis made of metal—save the word—
The product of a Trust.

I eat the best of boraxed flour,
And gnaw my alum'd crust;
My stomach's like a druggist's store
All through the Milling Trust.

I bite my slice of prairie beef,
Its toughness oft I've cussed;
But nowhere can I get my meat
Save from the Packing Trust.

Then, when in consequence I'm ill,
And physic take I must,
I'm forced to buy prescription pill
Made by the Med'cine Trust.

I go to spend my holidays
All filled with wanderlust;
The first week sees my funds depart,
Devoured by Railroad Trust.

When age comes on and I retire,
I find my bank has bust;
A pauper then I beg my bread
Through trusting to a Trust.

When death me takes ere I may change
To crumbling clay or dust,
I'm buried in a cardboard case
Made by the Coffin Trust.

But ere this change is brought about,
To bury me they must
Procure a plot of land sold by
The Cemeterial Trust.

Within my own, my U.S.A.,
All things are right and just;
From President to beer and ice,
'Tis all ordained by Trust.

I trust my country and her laws,
I trust because I must;
And trusting thus our motto reads—
"In Trusts, not God, we trust."

The Aldwych Theatre closed down on Monday of last week, after a run of five days with a play called "On Jhelum River." The orchestra struck on the previous Saturday, but was induced to go through with its performance. On the Monday the company were told that there was no money in the treasury, and that the theatre would have to close, and it was closed without anybody being paid a penny. It is very hard on the actors when an impecunious management has to run away from its obligations in this way. In this case the girls were rehearsing for four weeks, only to be told in the end by Mr Darewski, that as his backers had not come up to the scratch, he could pay them nothing. The Aldwych is unfortunate in this way.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By Thos. M. Hodges.

How about this: "Robert Charles Adalbert Glünicke, Lieut. R.M.L.I., July 1st, 1905"? That's German too right enough. I am not sure there is not a second son in the Royal Marines; my Navy List is not up to date.

The father is, or was, one Captain G. Glünicke, of the German army—or Prussian, I suppose it would have been then—and went through the Franco-Prussian war.

After which he left "die Grojze Armee" for the more humdrum life of schoolmaster. I don't know in the least what year; but I had the pleasure of meeting him in that capacity about '85 or '86, at Bedford Grammar School, when he commanded what was known as the C. & M. IV$_2$. form ("Civil and Military" side). likewise the Royal Engineer Tower Hamlets Volunteer and Cadet Corps, recruited from the School. (Note the "Esprit de Scout Corps" prevailing in our ancestors! That's what has made us what we are!) He was a most enthusiastic exponent of the Volunteer movement. No doubt he is now flourishing under the Territorial banner—except that he must be getting a little senior. But, as I say, some quarter of a century ago he was as keen as mustard on fostering the military idea or foisting it on the young and growing mind. So much so that he used to feel insulted, I believe, if the able-bodied lad failed to join the colours! I may be wrong, but at any rate he used to look upon the delinquent with a very evil eye, as I know to my cost.

But young as I was, in view of the fact that I was about to condemn myself to a life-time of the real show, I thought I might be excused if I "took up savings" on the make-believe. However, all honour to whom honour is due, and lots of it. So "Hoch" and "Prosit," Herr Hauptmann Glünicke—may your shadow never grow less!

I may have erred as regards the gentleman's identity. I don't think so. If I have, I will walk back with pleasure; but it won't alter the fact that naturalised British subjects should be made to anglicise their names, especially on entering either Service.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—LI.

We believe this to be a deserving case. Who will give a hand?

Having served my apprenticeship as a printing machine minder, I am now unable to follow my trade through failing eyesight. I have put my case before the Charity Organisation Committee. They have not done anything for me. I have also asked permission to stand to sell newspapers at the corner of Quebec Street, Marble Arch, but the inspector of that division will not allow me. I also asked the Court Missionary. He said he could not interfere. I should be thankful for your advice as to what to do for a livelihood.

With reference to the case of the poor tailoress, we have received the following letter from the Hon. Sydney Holland, the chairman of the London Hospital, and have forwarded to her the letter to the ophthalmic surgeon, to which Mr. Holland refers :—

My old clothes are all hypothecated to the villagers here. But I will gladly get the poor woman the best advice as to her eyesight and will pay for the glasses if she will come to the London Hospital and see Mr. Lister, our ophthalmic surgeon. Quite possibly the strain on her eyes is affecting her health. The enclosed letter will get her the attention she needs, and if you will pay her 5s. for loss of time and expenses, I will repay you.

With reference to Human Document No. XLIX. in our issue of June 26th, we have to acknowledge parcels of clothing from "E. M. L." (Tooting) and "M. W." (Kensington), both of which we have forwarded to the person in question.

With reference to Human Document No. L.—the case of the Bank clerk discharged because upon an income of £90 a year he was unable to keep out of debt—we are happy to be able to say that we hope we have secured him a position where he will find it less difficult to make both ends meet.

The certified accounts of Boots' Cash Chemists (Eastern) Ltd., for the year ended March 31st must be very satisfactory to shareholders, having regard to the general depression in trade that existed during the period under review. The Profit and Loss Account shows a profit of £23,256. The Ordinary Shares get 12 per cent.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE

£219,860 PAID TO CLIENTS ■ RESERVE FUND **£30,000.**

	£	s.	d.
HH . .	280	0	0
HHR .	175	10	0
JD . .	165	0	0
TSM .	130	0	0
GRP .	120	0	0
ERP .	112	0	0
JHK .	106	10	0
CJW .	145	0	0
WFW .	116	10	0
ERP .	132	0	0
WJG .	158	15	0
WJG .	107	10	1
HSR .	200	0	0
WJG .	242	10	0
EGB .	119	0	0
WC . .	124	10	0
WC . .	106	0	0
SHOL .	100	0	0
WC . .	277	10	0
CFP .	104	14	0
GHH .	245	0	0
D . .	100	0	0
SFF .	99	10	0
GHG .	131	0	0
TWP .	100	0	0
PLE .	330	0	0
GRL .	100	0	0
CS . .	147	15	4
FJB .	216	0	0
FSG .	100	0	0
FJB .	108	10	0
WSJ .	102	0	0
EWC .	291	15	0
JJW .	136	5	0
NOR .	145	0	0
GRR .	125	0	0
SMO .	100	0	0
JJC .	160	0	0
Mrs. EL .	131	2	4
JW . .	81	3	10
JMC .	256	7	0
RJC .	112	10	0
CJW .	138	11	3
GS . .	82	10	0
GS . .	127	5	0
WRP .	81	15	5
CJW .	100	0	0
GF . .	94	8	6
WJG .	192	10	0
WC . .	88	10	0
TJH .	338	0	0
WC . .	202	10	0
CJW .	109	5	0
AB . .	179	3	4
TCM .	125	0	0
SEM .	98	2	6
WC . .	500	0	0
RS . .	89	18	9
WPC .	100	0	0
Mr. DV .	106	5	0
WC . .	250	0	0
JHG .	315	0	0
RD . .	310	0	0
WAH .	150	0	0
Mrs. H .	100	0	0
WC . .	250	0	0
LPE .	100	0	0
JW . .	100	0	0
AB . .	115	0	0
RGS .	150	0	0
LPE .	125	0	6
WC . .	125	5	0
RJC .	157	0	0
JAB .	300	0	0
SPE .	130	0	0
WC . .	152	17	9
WTW	91	10	0
JHF	86	0	0
OMW .	152	0	0
Mrs. EMS	90	0	0
RGF .	100	0	0
RON .	90	0	0
SAR .	107	9	2
LPE .	85	4	5
RGF .	80	0	0
WPP .	80	10	0
WJG	87	10	0
WC . .	175	0	0
AOA .	130	0	0
HV . .	121	0	0
LPE .	187	0	0
WJG .	261	5	0
MC . .	187	0	0
SMJ .	140	0	0
WC . .	180	0	0
Mrs. DV .	80	0	0
EGB .	175	10	0
HB . .	114	10	0
WC . .	141	0	0
Mrs. DV .	127	10	0
NPS .	102	0	0
FS . .	117	16	6

The above sums were made by clients starting with £6 and upwards in from one to three weeks

If you forward ☞ the coupon opposite you may be even more fortunate.

JOHN BULL (Feb. 20) says: **"If you win you will be paid."**

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J.B
736

Please forward me full particulars of how with £6, £ £18 or £36 the above sums were made together with a list of upwards of 10,000 other cheques, &c.

NAME .....
(Rev., Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)
ADDRESS IN FULL.....
.....

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By Walter Moore.

VI.—MR. HALL CAINE.

During a quiet and restful holiday amid the puritanical charms of Blackpool, one day, as the sea was calm, I decided to cross to the Isle of Man and interview Mr. Hall Caine, the notable novelist and notorious playwright.

Leaving Douglas, I made my way to Greeba, and prowled round about the Castle hoping to meet my victim in some quiet spot. Meanwhile I had purchased a long, strong horsehair, which I attached to the back brim of my straw hat, passing the loose end under the collar and through the sleeve of my jacket. The object of this mechanical contrivance will appear in due course.

An abrupt turn in the path which I was pursuing suddenly brought me face to face with Mr. Hall Caine, who, bareheaded, leaned in his well-known Shakesperean attitude upon a rustic stile.

I stopped with well-affected surprise, stared with assumed amazement, dropped my lower jaw as far as circumstances would permit, and, causing my hat to rise from my head by means of the concealed machinery already mentioned, fell grovelling in the grass at his feet.

"Illustrious bard!" I cried, "ghostly visitant! Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from Blackpool, I'll speak to thee! Wherefore dost thou revisit these glimpses of the moon? O speak to me!"

During my fervid invocation Mr. Hall Caine, with undignified haste, had scrambled over the stile, where he stood "on tip-toe for a flight."

Crawling a little closer I continued my address. "Illustrious Shakespeare!" I yelled, "Fancy's child, warble your native woodnotes wild. Others abide our question: thou art free, out-topping knowledge. Tremendous shade, speak, speak, oh, speak to your unworthy worshipper."

"Calm yourself," said Mr. Hall Caine in a voice that trembled slightly: "I am not the ghost of Shakespeare. You have made a mistake—a very natural mistake, I must admit. Me and Shakespeare are very much alike, I know. Please get up. The grass is damp."

"Then who are you?" I demanded, rising to my feet; "and how dare you resemble the greatest literary genius the world has ever seen?"

Mr. Hall Caine smiled. "Perhaps the resemblance is not altogether unwarranted," he said. "I am Hall Caine."

"Ah," I exclaimed, "Miss Marie Corelli's only serious rival. Pleased to meet you. By the way, I hear that your new play, the 'White Prophet,' so far as His Majesty's Theatre is concerned, is up a Tree. Is that true?"

"Unfortunately, yes," replied Mr. Hall Caine. "Sir Beerbohm Tree does not feel himself equal to sustaining the leading *rôle*. He also objects to camels on the stage, which, in my view, is a *sine quâ non*."

"Why not produce it at the Hippodrome?" I suggested, "with Little Tich as the White Prophet and Miss Marie Lloyd as leading lady."

The distinguished dramatist turned pale with passion. "My art is too serious a thing for ribald joking," he hissed. "I write with a serious purpose."

"What is it?" I asked.

"To elevate the human race," he replied, looking upward with a rapt expression.

"And make a slight profit," I added, insinuatingly.

"Shakespeare wrote for gain," returned Mr. Hall Caine. "He used *his* vast intellect and commanding genius for material ends. Why should not *I* use mine for the same purpose?"

"Which do you consider your finest work?" I asked, abruptly changing the subject.

"The book I am at present writing," replied the author.

"What will it be called?"

"'The Screamster; or, Driven from Man by Man.' It will have a strong, a *very* strong love interest. It will be published at once in fourteen countries, and the dramatic version will be staged simultaneously in England, Australia, America and Japan."

"So there is a woman in it?" I hinted.

"Ah; and such a woman," returned Mr. Hall Caine, an enthusiastic glint in his piercing eyes. "A magnificent creature, all fire, and passion, and free from convention, with a perfect, well-developed figure, a mass of raven hair, and a large red mouth that the gods might stoop to kiss."

"M—— yes," I said; "who's your model?"

"She is the creation of my own brain," proudly answered the distinguished author.

"Thought as much," I returned; "I've never met anyone like her myself."

"She is not altogether imagination, either," said Mr. Caine. "You should visit Douglas during the Wakes. That is where and when I gather hints for some of my most alluring heroines and most dramatic situations."

Hanging my head to hide my blushing cheeks, I hastened to change the subject. "What is your favourite Shakesperean quotation?" I demanded.

"Well," responded Mr. Hall Caine, meditatively, "I fancy a line from the first scene in the first act of 'Measure for Measure' fits my case to a nicety:

> '. . . I love the people,
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes,
> Though it do well, I do not relish well
> Their loud applause and *aves* vehement;
> Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
> That does affect it.'"

"I admire your modesty," I replied. "Let me suggest a line from 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' as being a little to the purpose:

> 'I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son.'"

With which parting thrust I turned my face towards Douglas.

Down by the Sea

light frocks and summer suits soon get creased and soiled. Send us the clothes you wore in that glorious Whitsuntide weather to be dry-cleaned and we will return them fresh and ready for wear for the longer Summer Holiday. We have practised the process successfully for many years past, and know we can satisfy you. Our new catalogue, "The Art of Cleaning and Dyeing," is full of useful information, and we will send you a copy on request, and at the same time tell you the name of our nearest branch or agency. Write to-day to

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HAPPY AND STRONG

are the men who were once ill and weak, who were always nervous and trembling, and who never knew what it was to enjoy peaceful sleep through Neurasthenia, etc.

They are now free from pain, and awake refreshed and full of energy, are light-hearted and self-confident, and the secret is

DAMAROIDS—THAT'S ALL.

This grand force is the only natural restorative; the only certain means of curing ailments of a nervous and debilitating character. All who suffer in this way should lose no time in investigating the claims of "DAMAROIDS." They fill the body with nerve-life, warm the blood, and restore both physical and mental energy. In order to prove our claims, and that the public may know more about "DAMAROIDS," we are prepared to send a FREE SAMPLE and interesting pamphlet to those interested in the development of vigorous manhood.

Do not delay! Call if you can. If you can't call, cut out this advertisement and send it to us to-day, and we will mail you the book and sample by return, if you enclose two stamps for packing and postage.

"DAMAROIDS" are to be obtained at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box, or the Special Extra Strong, 11s. per box, which take effect in a few minutes. Call or write, "J. B.," HYGIENIC STORES, LTD., 95, Charing Cross Road, London. Tel.: 13215 Central.

A TWO-PINT STANDARD.

By FREDERICK MILLAR.

Addressing the Press Conference on June 26, 1909, Lord Charles Beresford, referring to the question of the Navy and Imperial Defence, said:—

"With regard to training, you may build what ships you like, you may have the best boilers, the best engines, the best guns, the best armour, the best speed—but *it is the human element that is going to win.*"

There is no lack of brains in the country. Indeed, there is too much brains—of the political and social scheming kind. What England stands in imperative need of is grit. It is "the human element" that is wanted; without it England will go down before the strong arm of competitors for world supremacy.

In the days when England was great, when she was feared (which is much to be preferred to being "respected"), beer and rum were the common beverages of the then conquering race of modern history. During the last fifty years these beverages have been decried as an evil and a curse; and a host of political, social, scientific and religious quacks and faddists have demanded their suppression. As a writer in the *Weekly Scotsman* on the subject, "The Decline of British Physique," says, "the absurd length to which teetotalism is carried, with its great consumption of tea and mineral waters, in which there can be no nutriment whatever, is greatly answerable for the diminution in stature, and for the alarming want of strength and endurance observable in the men of our day. When good, wholesome beer (so falsely and shamefully condemned at this present time) was the drink of Englishmen, they were much stronger and heartier individuals than they appear at present. . . . . The Dutch and the Germans, with whom these milksop principles are not in vogue, are much the better specimens of manhood."

The most conclusive argument against teetotalism is a "temperance" procession. If all the teetotal members of the House of Commons sat upon one side of the House and the drinkers on the other side, the open-minded stranger in the Gallery would have an object-lesson which would leave him in no manner of doubt as to the physical and mental calibre of the two sections. School-children in England are taught that drink is a poison, and, by implication, that their parents are reckless and degraded persons if they partake of those health-giving, invigorating beverages which in Germany form part of the common food of the whole population. When the "steak and pint" have finally given place to the "bun and glass of soda-and-milk" in this country, the Germans, or any other people, will find the conquest of England a simple task.

A "bun and soda and milk"-bred race can be fit for nothing but to be regarded as an awful example of lost manhood and physical decay. The cry for a "two-Power standard" for our Navy is idle unless we first establish a "two-pint standard" for our men. The man who can take his two pints of beer, stout, or porter a day is—a man. His ability to live up to the two-pint standard is the first fact that proves his manhood.

If those who prate about "taxing the food of the people" would be a little consistent, and remove some of the heavy taxes on beer, one would be inclined to credit them with sincerity, if nothing else. Beer should be cheap, as well as good and plentiful. The two-pint standard should be possible in the poorest and meanest home. Beer is a drink fit for gods, a drink to make heroes of men.

WILL THE L.C.C. EXPLAIN?

Here is a complaint which, we think, merits the immediate attention of the London County Council:—

I am living in the L.C.C. Clandon Buildings, in Gun Street, Blackfriars Road. We have been without water in our rooms for a week at present; the W.C. is in the rooms. There are about eight people who have to carry water from the washhouses. Do you think this is right? We have to get water to pour down the W.C., and we have heard we are to be without water for three weeks. If you enquire of the tenants of Clandon Buildings you will find this is quite right. Is this the proper way of doing things? The L.C.C. are very sharp if we don't send the children to school. Can you wonder at children getting the fever when the W.C.'s have no water for three weeks?

£150 for the best characters.

GREAT OFFER BY THE PROPRIETORS OF "WOMAN'S LIFE."

An Easy and Fascinating Competition open to all.

FOR ONE MONTH ONLY. CLOSES JULY 31st, 1909.

Owing to the enormous response to the first competition, the proprietors of "Woman's Life," the popular penny family magazine, have decided to hold a second great character-from-handwriting competition, and have again secured the exclusive services of "Caligro," the famous character delineator, to discover from the handwriting of the readers of John Bull which of them have the best characters. All that competitors have to do, is to send a specimen of their own or their friends' handwriting, according to the instructions mentioned below. The character of each competitor will be carefully and scientifically delineated from the handwriting, and liberal cash prizes will be awarded to those competitors whose characters, in "Caligro's" opinion, are the best.

There is no haphazard guesswork in delineating character from handwriting—it is a definite science.

Have you ever thought why everyone's handwriting is different? It is because everyone possesses a different temperament and personality. And this individuality is accurately portrayed by the handwriting.

Thus "Caligro," who has made caligraphy a life study, is able to define a person's character from handwriting with astonishing accuracy. Let "Caligro" tell you your true character from your handwriting. It is well worth doing in any case, and it may be worth £100 to you.

Every competitor will receive a delineation of his or her character by "Caligro," whose marvellously correct delineations have astonished and helped all those who have received them.

First Prize £100 in Cash.
Second ,, £20 in Cash.
Third ,, £10 in Cash.
20 Prizes of 10s. each in cash.
40 Prizes of 5s. each in cash.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Put a specimen of your own, or a friend's handwriting in a stamped addressed envelope (unfastened), and place this with the coupon below and postal order for 6d. (not stamps) in another envelope. Address this and send it to

"CALIGRO,"
"Woman's Life" Competition Dept.,
1, Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.,

BEFORE JULY 31st, 1909.

The stamped envelope is to cover the postage of the delineation which "Caligro" will send you personally. If you want to know the true character of a friend, a business acquaintance, your future wife or future husband, send a specimen of their handwriting to "Caligro." You can send as many specimens as you wish, providing you enclose a 6d. postal order with each specimen sent in. If your are uncertain what to write, simply copy the following paragraph:—

"Nearly ten years ago, someone whom I thought I had known for years, asked me to be his wife. I decided to send his handwriting to you, and to a certain extent be guided by your reply. The character you gave was such as would make any girl hesitate before placing her life's happiness in his hands. Time proved how true you were when the last heard of him was he deceived the girl to whom he became engaged, embezzled his employer's money and had to flee the country. I thank God that your wonderful gift was the means of saving me from that worst of all evils—an unhappy marriage."

In view of the fact that the proprietors of "Woman's Life" make no profit out of this competition, they make it a point of honour with every competitor to assist them in making the competition a success by bringing it before the notice of three friends and asking them to compete. The names and addresses of the prize-winners will be announced in "Woman's Life" during August.

Read how "Caligro's" wonderful skill saved a lady from an unhappy marriage.

Fill up and send this Coupon to-day.

..... Cut along this Line .....

Send this Coupon to "Woman's Life" Competition Dept., 1, Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Name of Competitor .....

Address .....

County .....

I undertake to abide by the decision of "Caligro" in awarding the prizes in this competition. I have called the attention of 3 friends to the competition and have asked them to compete. J.B. 2.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

ECCENTRICITIES OF J. BULL IN FOREIGN MARKETS.

In these days of much shouting on the subject of Protection, Fair Trade, Colonial Preference, and other abstruse eccentricities of the fiscal reformer on the party stump, insufficient attention appears to have been paid to the question whether many of the troubles of the British manufacturer and exporter are not due to his obtuse, conservative and unenterprising methods.

I see that Mr. M. E. Nichols, of the Winnipeg *Telegram*, has an illuminating word to say on this matter. He points out that on the latest returns Great Britain sent £16,000,000 worth of goods to Canada, and that the imports from the United States amounted to £40,000,000. "In line after line where British manufactures are supposed to rank high," he says, "from 60 per cent. to 90 per cent. of Canadian purchases came from the United States." Now, if there is any real meaning in the beautiful perorations of the reforming tariffer as we know him concerning the indissoluble bonds of Empire, it is a fair assumption that the Canadian would prefer to buy as much as possible of everything from John Bull and as little as possible of anything from Unk. Jonathan. If J.B. won't take the trouble to sell, or will sell only in his own way—take it or leave it—then the Canadian has obviously to find somebody who will do trade on obliging principles. And he has not to go far. Whenever there is a chance of making a dollar, Unk. Jonathan will be found right thar.

J. Bull sells his curtains and his china, his pipes and pipe mountings, his pickles and sauces easily enough in Canada, Unk. Jonathan notwithstanding. But when it comes to pushing his big lines, the things about which he heaves his bosom with pride, J.B. is not there. Among these, it appears, are "carriages and wagons, electric apparatus, glassware, jewellery, brass and its manufactures, musical instruments, watches, toilet ware generally, and soap." The inclusion of soap in Mr. Nichols's list amazes me. If there is one thing about which J. Bull fusses and swaggers more than another it is soap.

A Martian visiting Britain would think that the whole country rested on foundations of soap. He would assume that every railway station and every street was a memorial to the glories of soap. He might even be excused for jumping to the conclusion that the inhabitants ate soap.

J. Bull's methods of doing, or not doing, business are characteristic. Even when he sends catalogues into Canada he won't take the trouble to price his goods in Canadian currency. And when he does offer them in the market, he says: "This is how I do 'em up. If you don't like 'em done up that way I'm not selling." Or if they are all right on general principles, but need a little alteration of detail to suit the market: "That's how I'm offering 'em," says he, "and if you want 'em altered you can alter 'em when you get 'em to suit your own ridiculous fancy." Then Unk. Jonathan bobs up from somewhere round the corner: "What's that, pard?" say he. "Yew want some more gum on the wrapper, an' done up blue instead o' red. I'm with yew, pard, an' if thar's any more little alterations yew kin jest mention 'em right away, an' I'll hev 'em done ez prompt an' pretty ez a wreath for a fooneral." The result is, that while J. Bull departs grumbling about the slackness of trade and the curse of tariffs, Unk. Jonathan scoots with another lump of chewing-gum in his mouth, a smile of satisfaction, and a book full of orders.

"The British manufacturer," says Mr. Nichols, "often does not realise that it is not enough for his goods to be excellent in themselves. They must be done up in the way the public prefer, and placed on the Canadian market with all available means of publicity—good travellers, good catalogues and good advertising. He must adapt his methods to Canadian requirements. The waiting market will soon pass away. All this seems to exhaust the obvious. But the truth is that it takes J. Bull a long time to see what is under his nose. He won't realise that when in Rome he must do as Rome does. On the contrary he wants to make the Romans realise that when he is in Rome they must do as he does. He carries the indifference to the ideas and customs of "blooming foreigners" into his commercial relations with them in all parts of the world. All his concern seems to be, not what they want to buy, but what he wants to sell. I am told that it took the Australians years to drum into his head that the ploughs he was offering them were no use for the special purpose of Australia at all.

"It is necessary for the British manufacturer to wake up," says Mr. Nichols. Quite so. He cannot trade in his sleep.

A Cottager's Wife

Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Nervous Depression, Sleeplessness—

It is something to *rely* upon, says Mrs. Lake, a cottager's wife, describing the remarkable benefits she has derived from Phosferine. That is the reason similar appreciations pour in from Royal Personages, from wage earners, anxious to save time and money, they know and feel the *immediate* advantage of Phosferine, the *certainty* that everybody must benefit in some way. The fact that Phosferine is within everyone's reach, enabled Mrs. Lake to avail herself of its efficacy, and so regain the health which medical attention had failed to restore. Mrs. Lake suffered from acute nervous depression, but being one of those capable women who naturally go the right way about things, and feeling Phosferine is something to *rely* upon, she took the tonic with the happiest results. All the nervous distress, the toothache and neuralgia disappeared, and the cure was so complete, simple and speedy, that she has entirely re-established her health and vital energy.

Entirely absent now

Mrs. W. Lake, Ivy Cottage, Neatishead, Norwich, writes:—"Having been a martyr to nerve trouble I have great pleasure in testifying to the strengthening qualities of Phosferine, and I think that every sufferer from nerves should give it a trial, for they would then have something to *rely* upon. I think it is impossible to exaggerate its merits. I found Phosferine a benefit for toothache, earache, and neuralgia; I think there is nothing to equal it, especially for nervous depression. Four years ago I was attacked with this last complaint and was attended by my doctor, but received no relief. When I paid him the bill, which was over £1, I asked his advice and he said he could do me no good as I was a martyr to nerve troubles; after that, however, I was attended by another doctor who did me no good and I began to think my case was hopeless. Life was a burden to me, everything was too much trouble, in fact I hadn't the strength to do my work. At last I tried Phosferine and am pleased to say that one 2/6 bottle did me more good than all the doctor's medicine I took, and I shall always keep a bottle by me, for if ever I feel run down or sleepless two or three doses put me right."—Dec. 7, 1908.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Premature Decay	Anæmia
Rheumatism	Maternity Weakness	Malaria
Brain-fag	Nervous Headaches	Sciatica
Indigestion	Sleeplessness	Nervousness

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

The Remedy of Kings.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Command:

To the Royal Family
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the Queen of Roumania
H.M. the King of Greece
H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

PHOSFERINE RE-CREATES THE NERVE FORCES.

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

"RE-TRENCH!"

What fudge and nonsense it is! What a mass of gas-bag rubbish! One day we read in every newspaper that is foolish enough to publish such stuff of the wonderful plans a certain Mr. Trench has made concerning the future of the poor Haymarket playhouse and the marvellous scheme for running this historic building as a repertory theatre.

Lengthy paragraphs and breezy interviews informing the public how this was to be done, what would be the result, and how the other would lead to a substantial fact, left no doubt in my mind as to the vaporous "extracting sunbeams from cucumbers" aspect of the idea; and when the suggestion of opening the theatre with Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" play arose—oh! dear oh! dear, that put the lid on firmly.

To-day this is what I see in a leading London journal:—"Mr. Trench, it appears, has decided, after considering or reconsidering his plans, to abandon for the present at least, the idea of a Repertory Theatre and all the stuff and nonsense with which his first scheme was hailed in the newspapers now goes for nothing, and we may accept at its proper value all the slush and gush about the theatre of high artistic ideals which was to be directed by a manager of Mr. Trench's undeniable culture and, if I may say so, inexperience."

With which sentiment I am sure every earnest playgoer will entirely agree. "And when they do agree," as Mr. Puff says in the *Critic*, "the unanimity is wonderful."

FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

Salve! Salve! After all the disagreeable and "bare Embed" Salomé dances, the senseless gyrations, and ungraceful movements of utterly incompetent ladies who have been sent to London from various countries to endeavour to teach us the real "poetry of motion," it is indeed a relief to welcome the genuine article from the Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg, where evidently the inhabitants of that great ugly city, at any rate, seem to know what's what, and insist on having it.

The exquisite dancing introduced to us by this clever Russian troupe is quite enchanting, and, in addition to this, Mesdemoiselles Karsavina and Baldina are very beautifully shaped women and lovely to gaze upon, and they dance the most entrancing numbers without the slightest apparent exertion.

And now that the crowds flocking to the Coliseum are proof positive of the Russians' enormous success, for mercy's sake, don't let every music-hall imitate Oswald Stoll's happy thought by bringing over more of these St. Petersburg dancers, one lot at a time is quite sufficient. We had a round of the "Apache" dancing till one wearied to death of it, and now, not content with a single turn of it at the Empire, they give us not only Max Dearly, the Frenchman, and original inventor of it, from the Moulin Rouge in Paris, but Beatrice Collier and Fred Farren, in their English version. Personally, I see nothing at all in the whole thing save some very extraordinary, and not at all attractive, poses and gestures, which surely cannot be called dancing at all.

To me the "Danse des Apaches" is merely a feeble and prolonged imitation of the "Bowery girl" dance so cleverly executed in "The Belle of New York" by Americans years ago at the Shaftesbury, in the days when Edna May was the rage of the roaring metropolis.

AT THE ST. JAMES'.

Looking in at the complimentary matinée of "Caste," given last Thursday by the courtesy of George Alexander and Co. on behalf of the author's daughter, Mrs. Haslingdon Russell, née Miss Robertson, I sat wondering why the name of Mrs. Kendal did not appear in any part of the programme.

You know, Tom Robertson, the writer of "Caste," was Mrs. Kendal's brother, therefore Mrs. Haslingdon Russell is Madge Robertson's (Mrs. Kendal) own niece.

What a strange world we live in!

DO YOU WANT A GUINEA?
IF SO,
What Is Your Number?
(See Page iii. of Cover.)

The ONE and ONLY
FOOD BEVERAGE OF THE PEOPLE
is
DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa
Nourishing,
Health Giving,
Stimulating.
WORK OF EVERY KIND DEMANDS IT
Do not ask for Cocoa;
Ask for Vi-Cocoa—it means all the difference
Every Grocer sells Vi-Cocoa
in 6d. packets and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins.

Why Wear a Truss?
It never cures,
Galls the skin,
Is a life-long bore.
CURE
is *quite* possible to every ruptured person without pain or operation.
We have cured tens of thousands of all classes, from men of the highest rank to men employed in the most arduous occupations; such as colliers, miners, iron-workers, plate-layers, engineers, stokers, forge furnace-men, power loom-workers, etc., without a minute's loss from their work. Operation means days—generally weeks—from work. It also means pain, danger, and expense—all with uncertain results. But our treatment—which has now been doing good work for 30 years—is not only painless, and without danger or expense, but with ut some inadvertance on the part of patients we have been entirely free from any single case of relapse. Follow exactly our private directions (specialised carefully to each case), and the cure is certain and permanent. We have never had any case relapse during our 30 years' experience as rupture specialists. The longer you wear a truss the longer you postpone the day of cure. It *never* cures. The Rice Treatment does. Send at once for free test and directions, or call on
Wm. S. Rice, Ltd.,
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THE FIRE BRIGADE COMMAND.

Commenting upon the resignation of Captain Hamilton, Chief of the London Fire Brigade, we recently expressed the hope that the General Purposes Committee would at last acknowledge the claims of Mr. Gamble to the post. There is no more competent fireman in all England. He is a man of high character who has risen by devoted service and his own ability to be second in command of the Brigade; he is a great favourite with the men, and not one member of the Committee has a word to say against him. Yet Commander Cowper, of H.M.S. *Spartiate*, was recommended for appointment by the Committee of the L.C.C.—practically equivalent to a proposal that the ratepayers of London should employ a butcher to mend their boots. Happily, the Council ignored this proposal, but though they did not elect Mr. Gamble, they elected Lieutenant Sladen, R.N., the third officer of the Brigade. We have not the slightest doubt that Lieutenant Sladen will make a highly competent and popular chief. For this reason we can heartily congratulate him on his appointment. But it is a mystery why Mr. Gamble has again been passed over, unless, indeed, the attitude of the Council towards him is to be explained by their belief that, having risen from the ranks, he would not be likely to maintain authority and discipline in the Brigade. From all we have heard of him, we do not think the Council need have had any anxiety on that score. As he has fairly earned promotion by ability and long service, to brush him aside was, in our opinion, not to play the game.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

July 11th. ERNEST BAGGALLAY.
A true and lawful magistrate.—*Shakespeare.*

July 12th. GEORGE EASTMAN.
A *snapper-up* of unconsidered trifles.
—*Shakespeare.*

July 12th. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P.
Your rater and debater.—*Browning.*

July 13th. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.
A great fortune is a great slavery.—*Seneca.*

July 13th. RT. HON. WALTER LONG.
In every country dogs bite.—*Proverb.*

July 14th. ABBAS PASHA, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.
There stands the shadow of a mighty name.
—*Lucan.*

July 15th. LORD NORTHCLIFFE.
And are ye sure the news is true?—*W. J. Mickle.*

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Counsel: If they are the PENNA they are the BEST!
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Oatine
To ensure a clean and comfortable shave use good shaving soap, such as either the OATINE SHAVING CREAM (in tubes) or the OATINE SHAVING STICK, both of which are British-made, and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy, and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the OATINE SOAPS for shaving do so without delay.
To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as OATINE CREAM, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving, and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or, better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave. This has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner.
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of OATINE CREAM and OATINE SOAP will be sent to all applicants, together with a copy of our booklet, or send 2d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.
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The Paradise of all good gourmets.

THE ORIGIN OF "JOHN BULL."

Mr. R. Thompson, Fountain Hall, Carmarthen, writes:

In your note on the extract sent by a Brixton reader, in your issue of April 3rd, page 378, you say in reference to the mention of *John Bull* that you had no knowledge of any publication of that name at so early a date. The John Bull in the extract refers probably to John Bull's law-suit, published in Swift's Miscellanies, Vol. II., London, 1727. The following is a copy of the title-page to Part I., the title-page to Part II. being the same with the exception of its having on it "The Second Part," and the date, 1713, instead of 1712, as on the first title-page :—

Law is a Bottomleſs Pit.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL.

Publiſh'd from a Manuſcript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir H. Poleſworth, in the year 1712

The History, with prefaces, contents, etc., occupies some 225 pages, and is full of curious matter, interspersed with much proverbial philosophy, and many of the slang terms of that period.

On page 210 we have "How John *pamper'd* Esquire South with *Tit-bits*, till he grew wanton."

Can any of your readers tell me of an earlier mention of the title of the famous "Green'un"?

The reference to Law as a *Bottomless* Pit was almost prophetic of recent events. Swift was a punster.

CONSEQUENCES.

By MURIEL DOWLING.

The penniless Jack Adamson met the fabulously wealthy but extremely unprepossessing Ethel Schneider, on board the "Xylvania."

He said to her:—

"It's so jolly watching the moon on the water with you at my side."

She said to him:—

"It may be jolly, but it's rather cold."

The consequence was:—

He fetched her cloak and wrapped it round her with tender solicitude.

And the world said:—

"Artful Dodger!"

* * * * * * *

Dare-devil Jack Adamson met love-sick Ethel Schneider at her Poppa's house in New York.

He said to her:—

"I've never loved anyone before you; won't you name the day?"

She said to him:—

"If that's really true, I'll marry you at the end of June."

The consequence was:—

He hugged himself to think of the fun that he and his pet girls would have with her millions.

And the world said:—

"Lucky Dog!"

* * * * * * *

Handsome Jack Adamson met the haughty Ethel Schneider on Fifth Avenue.

He said to her:—

"What do you mean by cutting me in the street a week before our marriage?"

She said to him:—

"You wrote two letters last night, didn't you? I don't know if you are aware that the one intended for me never reached me, but, by mistake, one beginning 'My sweetest Flo' was put into my envelope."

The consequence was:—

She married someone else.

And the world said:—

"Ha! Ha!"

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Coming Fringe.

So there is a talk of the fan-shaped fringe coming in—or on—again? That straight, flat, uncurled bit of front hair that Americans in the 'sixties used to call a "pony." Nervous news. For though it is a mere platitude to say that the history of a nation may be altered by a change in hair-dressing, I must be a nuisance and say so again, because I want to warn the rash speculator in "fans" of the dangers ahead of this fashion. Pause, all fair ladies with strong chins and firm mouths, however handsome, before you clip that front lock beyond hope of redemption. Pause, all madonnas, all angels, all Greek Goddesses, all Burne-Jones types, and anything whatever purely and gravely spirituelle. Only let the piquant rejoice, and the heart of the turned-up-nosed be glad. For this is their fashion, and only theirs.

Demoralising Coiffures.

Quite the most curious thing about this fringe is the fact that it robs almost any face of at least two-thirds of its spirituality at one blow. And by spirituality I do not only mean goodness—I mean *esprit*, mental life, even vivacity. It can make some of the most beautiful women look heavy-featured and surly, by throwing the lower part of the face into undue prominence, and concealing the fair, clear balance of the brow. Let the little dainty-featured lady with, say, dimples, and a trifling sort of chin rather like a rose petal, alone dare to venture forth under its shadow with any certainty of success. Others, beware!

A Laughing Mission.

May one quite respectfully, and curtseying in spirit, suggest to the ladies of the Suffragist movement a better method than that recently employed of getting their own way with mankind? It is such a very old method—more than probably Eve used it—that it sometimes gets forgotten; but the history of the ages has proved it to be irresistible. I mean the royal way of laughter. It is an absolute fact that if you can once get your opponents to laugh with you—not at you, mesdames; that is quite another affair!—half the battle is won. The inner story of nations has shown us again and again that a little wit will break down defences that the most frantic bombardings could not weaken. Grim gates have given way to a giggle, and battlements have fallen at a *bon mot*. But it still remains exasperatingly true of the majority of women that they only make good missionaries when they are unaware of what their mission is. They will be so much too serious. Conceivably Elizabeth of England—laughing Elizabeth—knew perfectly well what she wanted with Europe when she played those little games of chess with Spanish ambassadors, and no one will deny that she got it. But she only did so because she was a humorist as well as a reformer.

A New Patroness.

Now why don't the Suffragists change their patron saint? Instead of Joan of Arc, who was a peasant religious mystic, and who had nothing to do with the feminist movement, why not raise Elizabeth to the sacred niche, or failing her admissibleness, Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing"?

There is a tale of a delightful Suffragist quite worthy of Beatrice, who at a recent bye-election meeting, presided over by a very youthful-looking politician, was being carried out by main force for disorderly interruption. She had been loudly proclaiming the equality of women with men. "Ah! Don't you wish you were a man!" sneered the gentleman on the platform. "Don't you!" retorted the disappearing lady, and took the house. Couldn't we found a school of such?

Muffled Graces.

Now that the plainest woman has at least a sporting chance of looking like a Romney portrait—since hats with tulle strings are being worn extensively—may I protest against a horrid habit which invariably kills this charming mode, directly it pops up its pretty head? I speak of the incurable tendency of the average woman to over-decorate herself about the neck and shoulders. One marvels, sometimes, at the fearful concealing of a beautiful line of throat and bust in innumerable cravats, scarves, feather boas, tulle ruffles, and what not, all heaped up together. Most Englishwomen overdo the business at the best of times, in direct contradiction to the Americans and the French. But when they do it in addition to a wide-brimmed hat with long soft tulle streamers, they cease to look specifically human, and appear to be walking old-clothes stalls, out of which a worried face peeps up from a nest of ribbons and ruffles and feathers.

A HEALTH-BUILDING HOLIDAY.

By an Old Camper.

Hundreds of John Bullites will remember the happy times they have spent at the Health Culture Camps held at Epping, Harlow, Abingdon, etc., those weeks were too enjoyable to be soon forgotten. What jolly holidays they were, with the boating, haymaking, jumping, running, fishing, swimming, cricket, physical culture displays, weight-lifting competitions, cycle runs, and musical evenings, the whole affair was just splendid, no one grumbled, and no one worried, it was well organised, yet everyone was allowed to do as he liked, for although Mr. Jonathan Nicholson, of 22, Budge Row, London, E.C., who originated these camps, only visited them once a week, he was too much respected by International Health Leaguers, campers, and visitors for anything contrary to his wishes to take place, there was not a link loose anywhere. The vegetarian "fad" was rigidly carried out, although there was no compulsion either in this or anything else, but no one suggested meat, and no one wanted it. What a strange medley we were, miners and ministers, weavers, strong men, journalists, publicans, musicians, stockbrokers, gymnastic instructors, revivalists, and health seekers, even the usual grumbler was absent, we were all bent on a jolly holiday—and all got it. Meeting the new campers as they came in, it was customary to find him with a pale face and worn-out look, but when they left, what a difference, strong, tanned, and fit as a fiddle. Sun baths were the order of the day, and a section of the ground was screened off for this purpose. Campers were also expected to take physical exercise, and most of them were only too willing to avail themselves of the opportunity for using the various appliances that were provided. Alas! they have been discontinued, the originator found that his hands were too full to attend to the details inseparable from such an undertaking. However, at the urgent request of a band of old campers, Mr. Nicholson has secured a fine old house, containing 22 rooms, situated on the rugged coast of North Devon, just above the tossing billows, and here his visitors will receive every care and attention, and will be able to spend their holiday on the finest health lines, and with equal enjoyment, as when under canvas. What a delightful change from the ordinary seaside apartments. Here the jaded City business man, or indeed anyone who is really in need of a restful and health-building holiday, will find everything that his heart can desire. Vegetarians are specially catered for, although mixed diet is obtainable if desired, but most of the visitors prefer vegetarian food, although they are not vegetarians, and they find it an agreeable and novel change. This home is close to Ilfracombe, the sea coast at this spot is very beautiful, and the surrounding scenery magnificent, there is good boating and fishing, excellent roads, and cheap boat trips to Bideford, Barnstaple, Clovelly, Linton, Lynmouth, etc. One of the great inducements to attract visitors to this charming health resort is the small expense that it entails, most people expect at holiday times to find charges somewhat high, but terms to campers at Epping Forest were £1 weekly inclusive; at Harlow it was £1 3s. 6d.; and at Abingdon £1 5s. It is little more even when the expenses are necessarily greater, and more comfort is assured, for, after all, camping out is essentially an enjoyment very dependent upon weather conditions. Anyone who is anxious to secure an ideal and healthy holiday is recommended to forward a post-card addressed to the Secretary, The Health Culture Company, Ltd., 22, Budge Row, Cannon Street, London, E.C., asking for full particulars and terms, for it is certainly an idea that should be well supported, and one which thousands will be glad to avail themselves of when they know the advantages that are being offered to them.—[Advt.]

SEASICKNESS CAN BE CURED.

We are quite satisfied from the numerous ...ce we have made, and from the many enthusiastic testimonials we have received, that we have discovered an infallible preventative of Seasickness, Trainsickness, &c. The worst sailor need no longer fear a sea journey. "Zotos" fulfils every claim we make for it, and being absolutely free from all injurious drugs and having no bad after-effects, even the most delicate may take it with absolute safety. It is excellent in the case of children when half the contents is emptied away.

"Zotos" is contained in small capsules. The capsules are of gelatine, quite tasteless, easily swallowed whole, and readily soluble. Our booklet, "How Seasickness is Prevented," with pamphlet of testimonials, sent free on request.

ZOTOS, LTD., 32, Theobalds Road, London, W.C.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—

Does the L.C.C. object to a Gamble?
Does the Admiralty keep a scrap-book?
Why not call him the "Censure"?
Is Mrs. Spankhurst a woman of "striking" appearance?
Why don't the Sunday Closing cranks practise what they preach, and "shut up"?

"True journalism is true literature," says T. P. O'Connor. Is there such a thing as *true* journalism?

Mr. Birrell has been telling the Press Conference that it is impossible to tell the truth in the House of Lords. Rough on the Bishops.

"Prisoner as Preacher," reads an *Express* heading. A good chance to deliver himself.

"The Three Barrows," the name of a theatrical piece, suggests that it will be pushed.

"Bottle of Beer as Salary," we read. One way of liquidating a debt.

The Paris hairdresser who opposed Sunday closing because a free day would mean taking his wife out, must have been sorely in need of a "scrape."

At the Franco-British Charity Fete, buttons were issued to the Press so that stall-holders should not worry them. Instead of buttons being pressed, the Press were buttoned.

"London is a gigantic mistake," says James Douglas. We must see what the John Bull League can do.

Over a hundred keys were found in the possession of a housebreaker. Quite enough to lock him up.

Mr. Taft shook hands with some 12,000 people during the first days of his Presidency. Getting his hand in.

We are told that prisoners supply most of the string used for Government purposes. Who supplies the red tape?

A writer complains of a "shabby row" in Hyde Park. But everyone knows it is Rotten.

There is no truth in the rumour that Mrs. Asquith has defended her recent action on the ground that the dresses were Empire gowns.

"Dreadnought from Australia," reads a heading. We commend the idea to our cricketers.

A microbe has been discovered to impart a beautiful complexion. Can't someone find one to kill blooming cheek?

The Norwich police now wear straw helmets of "beehive" shape. A bee in their bonnets?

"Farthing for Blighted Love," reads a heading. More than it was worth.

The Sussex church robber who dressed himself as a clergyman certainly adopted a "good" disguise.

"Opportunities are like fish," says a contemporary. Yes, you must strike quickly or you lose them.

The American couple who have gone for their honeymoon in a balloon are sure of a peaceful time; they daren't fall out.

Big-game hunting by cinematograph is the latest. We presume the slaughtering is done by snap-shots?

Two thousand Servian women have been practising with rifles for several months. Misses and hits.

Golf is sometimes a disease, according to the *Westminster Gazette*. Some folk have it very badly.

The Queen of Italy protests against the "ridiculous fashions introduced by foreign milliners." The big hat appears to be the last straw.

"The truth is always surprising," says F. Marion Crawford. We frequently hear of "a shocking lie."

A taxicab driver, fined for intoxication, was named Spiller. Very appropriate.

In Paris a man stabbed another and then explained that he had mistaken him for someone else. Despite the apology, the other man felt hurt.

Taking the average for the world there is one newspaper for 82,000 souls, we are told. Our increasing circulation will soon remedy this.

"Do not engage a blonde typewriter unless you wear a light coat," advises *Life*. You must get one to suit, in fact.

The first three volumes of the official "History of the South African War" have cost £32,102. A very dear memento.

During a cyclone in France, it is stated that a man was blown six miles out of his way. Quite a moving story.

Judging by the recent religious disturbances, "The quality of Mersey is not strained" in the least near Liverpool.

"A woman never reveals a secret," says W. Burton Baldry. Of course not; the instant a woman knows anything it ceases to be a secret.

FROCK COAT and VEST, 32/6

(including silk facings). Made to your special measure. Cut in choice Cheviots, Vicunas—Blacks or Greys as preferred. Fit guaranteed whether you call at our Show-Rooms or order through the Post by means of our perfected self-measurement system.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

Together with patterns we send you our booklet, fashion plate and tape measure, and a list of entirely unsolicited testimonials received from our clients all over the world. All free and carriage paid.

Ask for Booklet No. 191.

This offer of Frock-Coat and Vest for 32/6 is made purely with the idea of introducing our really wonderful Tailoring Value to readers of this paper. We guarantee to satisfy you in all details or undertake to refund your money in full.

Our Tailoring secured the Gold Medal Award, Franco-British Exhibition, 1908.

Ask specially for Frock-Coating patterns when writing.

CURZON BROS "Go to Curzon"

THE WORLD'S MEASURE TAILORS,
60-62, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.
Those residing in London should call.
Exhibitors at the Imperial International Exhibition (White City), Stand No. 127, Industrial Section.

BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS
(EASTERN) LIMITED.

Ordinary general meeting held at St. Pancras Hotel, on Wednesday, 30th June, 1909.

Notice convening the meeting read by Secretary.
Minutes of previous meeting read by Secretary.
Auditors' report to the shareholders read by Mr. Parsons.

Resolution: "That the accounts be received and that the distribution of the profits as recommended in the directors' printed report be and is hereby adopted," proposed by Jesse Boot, Esq., who said:—

Gentlemen,—Our annual meeting is held rather later than usual this year. The fact is, I could not very well get back earlier from a prolonged trip I have been making abroad, and, after being at every meeting since the formation of the Company, I felt that I must, if possible, be present—hence the delay.

I am pleased to say there is no remarkable feature about our accounts. You will see from the figures we have earned slightly more than last year. Taking into account the depression in trade that has prevailed in most of the districts where our Eastern depots are situated, I think we may congratulate ourselves upon being able to pay our usual dividend. That we are able to do so is, in part, owing to the fact that many of the businesses belonging to the Company are old-established, and so well in favour with the public that any little competition we get seems to benefit the business rather than otherwise. A number of our premises are held on long leaseholds at reasonable rents, and a good proportion of the most important are our own freeholds, therefore free from any exorbitant rises in rent. The splendid, up-to-date character of our premises has been a prominent feature in the business. We wish to continue this policy, as its success has fully justified the expenditure, and in the present Balance Sheet you will notice that we have taken a Thousand Pounds from the Profits for renewals and displacements.

One event—which, however, does not affect our Company alone, though we played a leading part in it—and an event which might be considered historical in the history of the retail drug trade, was the passing of the Poisons and Pharmacy Act at the close of the last session of Parliament. I am not going to inflict upon you a history of our twenty years' contest for the right to trade as Chemists and Druggists, but merely say that we are now on a friendly footing with the Pharmaceutical authorities, who are the regulating body in everything that respects the technical part of the business—that we retain our signs, our house-flag, so to speak, under which we compete for our business, the well-known name of BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS, not a mere Boots Drug Stores; and last, but not least, we have established a better status for qualified chemists, of whom we have over 500 in our associated Companies, and whom I regard as the finest staff of educated and diplomaed men connected with the Chemist's business in the Country.

With these few remarks I commend the adoption of the report to you with confidence, and now formally propose that the accounts be adopted, etc. Seconded by Sir James Duckworth, M.P.

Resolution: "That Mr. E. S. Waring be re-elected a director of the Company," proposed by J. Gibbs, Esq. Seconded by Jesse Boot, Esq.

Resolution: "That Messrs. Sharp, Parsons and Co. be re-elected auditors of the Company for the ensuing year at a fee of 100 guineas," proposed by Mr. A. N. Bromley. Seconded by Mr. A. E. Thompson.

Votes of thanks to Mr. Jesse Boot, Mrs. Jesse Boot, and the staff proposed by Sir James Duckworth, seconded by Mr. Batty Langley, and unanimously carried.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose.*

The EDITOR *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

"ZANONI" (Eastbourne) writes:—"The unco' guid are a funny family. Personally I feel absolutely fed up with the arrogance and noise of these apostles of negative virtues. I really believe they have got on to the nerves of the country." Hear, hear!

A. H. N. (Waddon).—Glad to hear your letter was disinfected first, but fear it has now gone beyond recovery. Hope you are all right again.

H. B. (Birmingham) says the Lavertons (unjust justices of Westbury) ought to be made to try a little poverty for a change.

B. S., JUN. (Forest Gate), says he is unmoved by the puny rage of his critics, and that, should he ever wish to visit Poland, it will be at his own time and expense.

M. E. D. (Forest Gate).—"Bath nine miles" is not necessarily an attraction in an advertisement of a country cottage.

A. J. T. (London, N.) says the Rev. W. T. Jennings, of Boston, is inflexible in Church matters, but has been very good to his parishioners on many occasions. No doubt bigotry and generosity are not incompatible.

S. T. R. (Bournemouth) is suspicious about the Stuart Plaster-Pad Co. (66, Shoe Lane, E.C.). Who knows anything?

R. S. (Newport) says travelling drapers do not usually resort to dirty tricks.

Dr. E. (Widnes).—Good luck to your fishing.

J. A. J. (Manchester) protests against the reflections upon the Jewish race, which he considers are contained in our recent article "British Citizenship Going Cheap." But we have given both sides of the subject.

"HUMANITY" (London) calls our attention to what he alleges to be the unsafe conditions governing the staff and luggage lift at Queen Anne's Mansions, where there was recently a fatal accident, and from what he says, we think the matter is one requiring immediate investigation.

F. C. (Fraserburgh) wishes to know how many daughters Miss Marie Studholme, the famous and beautiful actress, has. We must refer F.C. to the lady herself, as we have lost sight of her during the last few years.

N. H. G. (Poplar), apropos our paragraph to the effect that Mr. Will Crooks will take a trip round the world, says "it is hardly a year ago since he vowed he would never leave Poplar." But politicians often change their minds.

T. P. W. (Manchester), apropos our recent article on "Our Education Authorities," sends us a circular issued by the National Union of Teachers in reference to the change in the conduct of *The Schoolmaster*. It is not quite as bad as Mr. Sambels' immortal effusion—but it is very bad, all the same.

A. B. (London) puts in a plea for more humane conditions of work for tobacconists' assistants. They certainly have a hard time. Why don't they combine?

F. M. (Walsall) AND OTHERS call our attention to the fact that the Rev. Bill Riley has broken out again—this time about the Tsar. Dear old Billy!

H. J. S. (London) gives us a very bad account of Mr. Kennedy, one of the officials of "Lady Blount's Medical Aid Society"—and which fully confirms the suspicions we already entertained as to the character of this concern.

ALMANACK DE GOTHA.—J. VON N. (Birmingham).—Any bookseller will get it for you.

M. H. (London), J. T. S. (Sloane Street), W. S. (Buckhaven), AND OTHERS.—Many thanks for suggested cures *re* Pemphigus, which we have forwarded direct to the sufferer.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO" (Sydenham) sends a cutting about a parson who left nearly £300,000, and thinks this fortune inconsistent with following "the poor Man of Nazareth." But the money was probably inherited, and the parson certainly did not take Orders from mercenary motives.

V. D. C. (St. John's Wood).—We have long given up trying to reconcile statements in the daily Press.

A. G.—If you don't give particulars of your racing system, you will scarcely attract investors.

W. H. (Worthing).—You do not say what particular branch of the Army you refer to, and there are varying rates of pension. We will assume you are interested in the infantry of the line, in which a sergeant-major, who has been five years a warrant officer, on completion of 21 years' service gets a pension of 3s. 6d. a day. If he has not done the five years as a warrant officer he gets 3s. a day.

H. B.—Although we must not award biscuits to the Scriptures, many have been burned for less impious suggestions.

A. E. J. P. (Carlton House Terrace) sends a letter he received from the Albion Skill and Sports Agency (Sion, Switzerland), refusing to give the names and addresses of winners.

P. B. (Willesden Green) says Lyons's waitresses are allowed to sit down, but that they are badly sweated.

J. C. (Bromley) read about a Wesleyan minister who "addressed a large men's meeting." J. C. is only 5 ft. 4 in., and objects to the exclusion of small men. He must climb a tree next time.

J. W. N. R. (Mill Hill).—"The extraordinary amount of scratching among the ladies" at Ootacamund sounds funny, even though the report only refers to the sports.

W. W. G. (St. Anne's-on-the-Sea).—Judicial jokes must not be taken too seriously.

A. I. S (Kingsland Road).—It is a mistake to sign documents without reading them, particularly when you deal with firms like the Overseas Compenduim Co., of Manchester.

A. M. (Basingstoke).—We quite agree that ladies should be protected on journeys, but you may have been mistaken about the man's "cunning insidious leer." Perhaps he was only trying to sneeze. Anyhow, leering is not a criminal offence.

L. R. B. (Southsea) says boy scout regulations make for manliness and good citizenship. What about the recommendation to whistle? Surely that makes for bad blood.

"OPTIMUS" (London, N.) does not understand Crow, and wants him to be employed in pricking Stiggins with red-hot needles. He is.

G. W. F. (Lincoln) complains that Brighton, unlike Bobs, does not advertise. But what has Brighton got to advertise?

T. W. (Kennington Park) says the Sanitary Training College course is good, but useless in so far that it does not confer the practical knowledge which is necessary.

"MIDGET" went to a wedding and saw a group of 6 men and 3 women, the average height of whom was 6 ft. 1 in. This reminded her of Dr. Watts's immortal lines:

"Were I so tall to reach the sky
I'd kiss the houris by-and-by."

F. C. B. (Southsea) complains about the selection of representatives of the Hampshire regiment to receive Territorial colours at Windsor. Perhaps he was left out by mistake.

W. H. (Brighton) wants to know whether Ludwig von Battenberg is even naturalised, and whether there are not enough Englishmen to command the fleet without having recourse to foreigners. At least, Karl von Beresford has gone.

A. A. (Altrincham).—"To learn," when "to teach" is meant, can only be described as a bad journalistic barbarism. It is not even literature.

T. P. (Brighton) says "the Sabbatarian gentry, assisted by a few penitent Colonels," have relegated the Sunday bands there to a stuffy room in the Aquarium because they object to outdoor music on the Lord's day. But we have not had much outdoor weather lately.

A. T. A. (Barnsbury) wants to tax foreign commercial travellers. He suggests a competition for suggestions *re* John Bull League, and wants Vivian's book reviews revived. He thinks it absurd to praise the land of one's birth, and says "One might as well reduce country to county, county to town, town to borough, and so on, until we should arrive at the conclusion that the concentrated essence of patriotism would be to love fervently the very room (not to carry it further) in which one was born." He should tell that in Birmingham.

T. R. B. (Swansea) sends an offensive circular received by his wife after the announcement of the birth of a son. The Post Office some time ago prosecuted one of these people unsuccessfully—since when they have been chary of taking proceedings, but legislation is recommended by the Lotteries and Indecent Advertisements Committee's Report.

P. P. (Natal) thinks we ought to distribute "fivers" instead of "quids," among Colonial readers. There's Preference for you!

H. E. W. (Portsmouth) was quite satisfied with the Sanitary Training College (Holborn). They got him a job.

"CATS" (Leamington Spa).—We have no opinion about—or of—*London Opinion* competitions. If your contributions deserved a prize, the others must have been sad drivel.

R. (Clapham) defends white bread against brown, on the plea that it behaves better in the intestines.

W. F. S. (King William Street) says some people take part in swindling knock-out auctions through ignorance. He even knew of the son of a Salvation Army officer who did so.

T. D. (Manchester).—The infirmary inmates must bless you for your kindness in supplying them with copies of JOHN BULL. Consider yourself patted on the back.

S. A. T. (Tooting).—The frogs seem to have treated you badly. Why not consult a solicitor?

D. V. O. (Sutherland Avenue) complains that Kew post office is shut up all Sunday. Too bad!

R. T. (Canterbury).—Jim Crow knows nothing of the cuckoo who has usurped his name in the *Margate Monthly*. The phrase "Cheer up, Margate," might almost have been devised by the Prince of Wales' ghost.

"IGNORANT" (Grimsby) wishes to know: (1) "Why was Mr. Grayson suspended from the House of Commons?" and (2) "Are members of Parliament paid for their services?" The answer to the first question is, for kicking up a row by refusing to sit down when called upon to do so by the Chairman of Committees, and to the second, unfortunately not.

E. L. (West Kensington).—Some advertisers have a cool cheek. Let us know if you receive a reply.

"TAXI" (Manchester) wants to know if our readers have tried Leon Kendal, who delineates character from thumb-prints and has been exposed by *Truth*.

"ONE LAW ONLY" (Plymouth) suggests that heartless magistrates should be compelled to prove their sanity.

J. F. M. (Cardiff) wants us to have a Bridge column. Next, please.

W. B. (Waterfoot) wants to know how many idols are manufactured in this country, and sent abroad for heathen worship. We will enquire when we next visit Birmingham.

G. M. R. (Cardiff).—What remedy do you propose?

M. R. D. (Scalloway) says sharks as long as five men and much longer have not infrequently been seen and captured among the Shetlands. They are known as basking sharks and are usually inoffensive. Their fins are 15 ft. by 9 ft. and have often been mistaken for sails.

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON—whom we heartily congratulate on his return to business—makes his annual appeal to our readers on behalf of the Fresh Air Fund—a charity which needs no word of recommendation from us. It will be remembered that there is no deduction whatever for management, the children reaping the entire benefit of every penny subscribed. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Fresh Air Fund, 104, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

50

CAMBUS
Whisky
FAMED FOR OVER 50 YEARS

The Best Writing Ink for modern office use
Ask your Stationer for it.
All Stationers sell it. In Bottles 1d. to 3/- each.
F. MORDAN and CO., 326, City Road, London.

"All Rubber." "All British."

KEMPSHALL
"Always Grip." TYRES "Never Slip."
Look out for the NEW KEMPSHALL DETACHABLE RIM.
The Kempshall Tyre Company of Europe, Ltd.,
1, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.
Telephone No.: Gerrard 244 (two lines). Telegrams: "Studless, London."
Agents for the United States: Messrs. Cryder & Co., 583, Park Avenue, New York.

Non-Skid Tyre for Heavy Cars — C.D.C — Anti-Skid Tyre for Light Cars

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Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts, repayable on demand.
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INSTANTANEOUS, ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS, PERFECTLEY NATURAL IN APPEARANCE.
The most perfect that science can produce.
IT IS THE ONLY PERMANENT ONE SOLUTION HAIR STAIN ON THE MARKET.
In order to give everyone an opportunity of thoroughly testing this renowned preparation we are distributing a certain number of
LARGE TRIAL BOTTLES,
and on receipt of SIX PENNY STAMPS 6d. together with a statement of shade required, we will send one securely packed per return.
JUNON LTD. (Dept M.),
57, Marsham Street, Westminster.

A Word About Your Future

You realise—do you not?—that in these keenly competitive days it is only the man possessing practical qualifications who can count on a future of success and security. Then you'll appreciate the exceptional opportunity afforded you by the International Correspondence Schools to equip yourself with serviceable, money-earning qualifications.

The I.C.S. correspondence courses cover practical training in the most important branches of commerce and industry, also preparation for Civil Service examinations. The "I.C.S. Students' Aid Department" gives free advice to I.C.S. students in the matter of employment.

There is a brilliantly successful record of 18 years behind the I.C.S. Mr. R. Davenport, of Streatham, writes:

"Allow me to thank you for the letter of recommendation which you so promptly handed me a few days ago. I shall be going abroad in January next. My credentials had to pass the scrutiny of one of the keenest and most thorough commercial engineers of the day, who specially commented on the utility of a portable course like that provided by your splendid system. There's no getting away from the fact that if you want to be in the swim to-morrow you must be up-to-date. Therefore, my advice is—take an I.C.S. course and keep your head well above water."

Let us send you further evidence and full particulars. Simply mark the Coupon or write us a letter or postcard. You owe so much, at least, to your future.

Residents of the following countries should address the respective I.C.S. branches:—CANADA—Toronto. INDIA—Fort, Bombay. SOUTH AFRICA—Cape Town. NEW ZEALAND—Wellington. AUSTRALIA—Sydney.

Send in the Coupon to-day.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Ltd.
Kingsway, London, W.C.
Please send me, (Dept. E.), in any part, your free booklet entitled "Proof Positive," and explain how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked X, or gain a knowledge of the subject.

Mechanical Draughtsman ..... French ..... Advertisement Writer
Textile Mill Mgr. ..... Civil Engineer ..... Structural Engineer
Analytical Chemist ..... Bookkeeper ..... Showcard Writer
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Street .....
Town .....
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16/7/09

SECURE £40
AND OTHER PRIZES.
IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING.
Simply send your name and address, and this qualifies you for a certain chance of winning
£40 and OTHER PRIZES.
REMEMBER—
THERE ARE NO CONDITIONS, NO LIABILITY.
IT IS A FREE GIFT.

You cannot believe it? But IT IS SO. Nothing can be more bona fide than our offer, and you have only yourself to blame if you miss this opportunity. Remember, this is a straightforward offer on our part. It is NOT A CATCH ADVERTISEMENT. What we say we do we will carry out to the very letter. Immediately we receive your name and address we register the same free of all cost, and we carry out our promise, and we do not ask you for a penny piece. Yes, the Gift is entirely free to you, and given without any obligation of any kind on your part. Can you afford to miss this wonderful opportunity? We think not. Here at all events, you have a chance of securing something for nothing.

Do not delay to send us your name and address, when we will immediately act honourably towards you, and send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF ALL COST, the Certificate, and will finance you in your endeavours to save money.

Large fortunes are continually being made by small capitalists from investments which are thoroughly sound, and which can be realised for cash at any time; and in addition to the above offer we will include our 60-page Prospectus (published at 1/- net), which describes a new system of investments for small and thrifty Capitalists who can put by from 2/- a week, with great opportunities and certain increase of capital.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO
is to send us a postcard (PENNY STAMP for France) with your name and address on it, and we will carry out our promise.

Address—J. B. CHOWN & CO.,
28, RUE FEYDEAU (Place de la Bourse), PARIS.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* THE PEOPLE, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* THE GLOBE.)

All Water runs to the River.

It is true enough that the "little" owner practically never wins a very substantial stake, especially such races as a Derby, but the truth is that the small owner does not engage his horses in them, or, if he has one with a chance, usually sells it to a patrician.

A Public Boon.

There are really no better boards for hoisting the winning numbers and distances on than those at Windsor and Kempton, for the numbers are *sideways*, and can therefore be seen instantly from the ring, members' enclosure, or paddock. It certainly would be advisable for *every* executive to adopt this method, as one is not always *exactly* in front of the number board, which they must otherwise be to make what is hoisted legible.

No Eclipse this Year.

The superiority of the stock by "Eclipse" was recognised as so much above his rivals, that in a three-year-old sweepstake at Lewes over a hundred years ago the weights were: colts 8st. 3lbs., fillies 8st.—"those by Eclipse to carry 3lb. extra."

A Suggestion.

Supposing that to celebrate the victory of the King and mark the ill-luck attendant on the American forces in the Derby, the authorities were to declare a sort of sporting amnesty by granting a license—unexpectedly—to Tod Sloan! How opportune and universally acclaimed the act would be.

Prophetic.

Lingfield is the only meeting I can really deal with now. If she has not already competed at Nottingham, LADY ORMONDE, who is literally thrown in, must surely win at last in the Oaktree Handicap, while I should believe that the form of

THE NUT

at Newmarket was wrong, for some reason or other, and consider the chestnut simply certain to take the Lingfield Park Stakes. If Flipperty, as is likely, runs for the Batnors Selling Plate she would win it, so that I can now only name that HALF SOVEREIGN has some sort of a chance, for she ran really well on this course at the May meeting. The little "rat" of a filly has been coughing, but Wood tells me is picking up and been going very well the last few days. "Tony" Escott rides her so as to take 5lbs. off her back, and a half-sovereign or so *each way* may not be an injudicious wager. On the Saturday, I should like to see FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE win the Selling Handicap for Martin, and anticipate a reverse of the Newbury form as between YELLOW SLAVE and GREENBACK in the Foal Stakes.

At Haydock Park it is obvious that MOORLAND LAD should take the Old Newbury Cup as atonement for the unlucky Newmarket beating.

Splendid Amateur Sport Number.
Coloured Cartoon:—
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The following claims have been received for issues of April 10th, May 22nd, and 29th:—

R. BARRON, Chief Engineer, "R. M. S. Jerome," c/o Booth S.S. Co., Queen's Dock, Liverpool. (No. 1238, April 10th, 1909.)

J. WRENCH, 14, Orchard Street, Wolstanton, Stoke-on-Trent. (No. 223958, May 22nd, 1909).

CHAS. P. MCBRATH, Queensgate House, King's Bench Street, Hull. (No. 122499, May 22nd, 1909.)

E. W. POWELL, 70, Fulham Road, South Kensington, S.W. (No. 203628, May 22nd, 1909.)

HARRY WILSON, 133, Earle Road, Cage Hill, Liverpool. (No. 84035, May 29th, 1909.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of June 5th:—

1100; 16681; 19195; 23013; 31986; 32457; 50867; 56001; 56982; 62412; 64644; 69452; 73217; 78409; 81613; 85488; 90976; 93482; 100608; 104850; 109327; 118429; 127271; 134742; 138227; 141254; 149041; 162398; 169047; 174403; 176119; 184697; 189993; 198425; 210329; 217124; 230227; 249846; 249918; 254030; 256911; 260186; 261841; 266098; 272956; 278993; 280660; 287249; 291232; 297449

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED AUGUST 14th (PUBLISHED AUGUST 12th).

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